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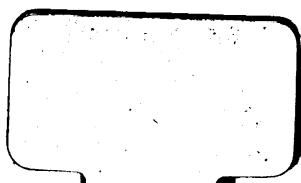
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THE GRANDIDIERS :
A TALE OF BERLIN LIFE.

BY

JULIUS RODENBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN BY WILLIAM SAVILE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE GRANDIDIERS' TROUBLES	1

CHAPTER II.

HERR GEORGE GRANDIDIER GUIDES HIS SON IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO	31
--------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

PROFESSOR BESTVATER	73
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE COLONEL AND HIS MEN COME UPON THE SCENE	89
----------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

THE COLONEL AND HIS FOLLOWERS ENJOY HERR GRANDIDIER'S HOSPITALITY	127
------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VI.

THE DINNER-PARTY—HERR GRANDIDIER TELLS A STORY	152
-------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONEL AT HOME	192
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

	PAGE
THE COLONEL PAYS A VISIT TO MISS HUNCKS	219

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST SON	245
------------------------	-----

THE GRANDIDIERS:

A TALE OF BERLIN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDIDIERS' TROUBLES.

I WILL commence by introducing my esteemed friend the reader, and my no less esteemed friend Herr George Grandidier, to each other. If the author of a novel were so far to trespass against the rules of general usage as to introduce his hero to the public by his real name, in this instance every one would immediately exclaim, "Oh, Herr George Grandidier,—I have already the pleasure!"—at the same time waving his hat with a certain demonstrative movement, or pointing to-

wards it, as if to say, "Who can be unacquainted with Herr George Grandidier?"

In reality, Herr George Grandidier was, in his time—which indeed is still partly our own,—one of the best known men in Berlin. All who had a tolerable idea of their own importance bore his name, if not *in* their heads at all events *on* them, at a distance which was ever varying with the fashion. Herr George Grandidier was, in fact, a hatter; but pray observe, a hatter on a very grand scale.

Herr George Grandidier belonged to the "French Colony," which, as we know, had at the time of its foundation its own tribunals and its own language, but *now* retains only its churches, burial-grounds, and charitable institutions, thus forming a community under an ecclesiastical governing body elected from among its own members, which exists peacefully and prosperously in common with all the other religious communities of Berlin. Nearly two hundred years before, the ancestor of

the Grandidiers, a Huguenot fugitive from Paris, had settled in this city, and as he, like most of the refugees, had brought with him, if not actual wealth, at all events the remains of a handsome competence, and, above all, his skill in trade, he prospered in his new home, and ever since that time the Grandidiers had flourished, and were reckoned among the leading hatters of Berlin.

A Catholic branch of the family, or strictly speaking, one which had relapsed into Catholicism, had remained in Paris, but no intercourse had been kept up between the two, and for a hundred and fifty years there had never been any interchange of communications. The father of our Herr George Grandidier was the first of his family who had entered Paris since the emigration,—but it was under the Prussian standard, as one of a volunteer Jäger corps, in March 1814, when after the glorious overthrow of French despotism the allied armies entered “Babylon on the Seine.” He had found there, in the “cité,”

the descendants of the Grandidiers, dwelling almost on the self-same spot which had belonged to them centuries before, but although they still bore the common name they had become completely estranged, through lapse of time, and their widely differing destiny. Unfortunately, the Grandidier of Berlin suffered severely from the consequences of the war. Bravely had he fought for his adopted country, but his business had fallen off through his prolonged absence, and he was not the man to restore it to its former prosperity. He died soon after, leaving a widow—who contrived still to carry on the trade, though in somewhat straitened circumstances—and a son, sixteen years of age, who had scarcely left school.

Yet this son, George Grandidier, was destined to restore the fallen fortunes of the house ! Often, while yet a boy, had visions of the former greatness of the Grandidiers floated before his eyes ; and the older he grew, so much the more did it become the supreme object of his ambition to restore

the ancient renown of their name, nay, even to excel it. On attaining his eighteenth or nineteenth year, and after he had seen his mother, whom he dearly loved, comfortably settled in life, so far, at least that with the help of a faithful assistant she could live on the proceeds of the now greatly reduced business, he went on his travels to Paris, for he well knew that Berlin, though it might prove a mine of wealth to the man who understood his trade, would not be the best place in which to learn it. "When I return, mother," he said at his departure, "you shall pass the rest of your life in peace and prosperity!" And he kept his word. She did not, indeed, live long enough to see him at the height of his success, but she lived at ease and in comfort to the end of her days, and when at length she died, it was not until she had seen that the star of the Grandidiers was once more in the ascendant.

Herr George Grandidier had commenced business on a very modest scale, in a small shop in Little Mauer-strasse, which he had

inherited from his father. Over this was displayed a sign-board, whereon were depicted hats of a ridiculously antiquated pattern, and large felt slippers. With every change of fashion he continued to make progress. Hats which at the latter part of the year '40 were worn wide at the top and narrow below, found him already established in Great Mauer-strasse; those which were broad at the bottom and narrow above, accompanied him on his removal to Friedrich-strasse; Leipziger-strasse admired in his shop-windows the cylindrical shapes of English design, narrow both above and below; and when France once more set the fashion with a shape almost as broad at the bottom as at the top, and looking for all the world like a flower-pot with a curling brim, Herr George Grandier had reached the Linden, immediately opposite Little Mauer-strasse. His handsome house of business, in the evening all ablaze with numerous gas lights, now exactly faced the little, dark, one-windowed shop over the way, which still bore the in-

signia of the old hats and felt slippers. This sign-board had now almost acquired the importance of an old historical painting, in which a lover of the history of civilization could, in his researches, trace the various changes in the fashions and costumes of a by-gone period. But to Herr George Grandidier it meant far more than this. It reminded him of the past—of the commencement of a toilsome but successful career, and he would on no account have permitted it to be removed from the position where for thirty years it had creditably kept the field. But although Herr George Grandidier had reached the Linden, he did not on that account repudiate his connexion with Mauer-strasse, any more than he did with Friedrich-strasse Leipziger-strasse, and half-a-dozen other streets beside, which had equally been the stepping-stones towards his present position in the hat trade of Berlin.

On the contrary, guided no less by a feeling of affection than by an accurate appreciation of their commercial advan-

tages, he kept on the different shops in the various quarters of the city, established fresh ones in addition, and affiliated them all to the main business in the Linden; so that the name of George Grandidier stared you in the face at all the ends and corners of Berlin, to say nothing of the little red van, which conveyed it from morning till night about the streets, emblazoned with coats-of-arms and heraldic devices. If Herr Grandidier's assurances were to be accepted as accurate,—and indeed there was little doubt on the subject,—his hats were worn by most of the crowned heads in Christendom, at least when it suited them to exchange the helmet or the crown for a head-dress of some lighter description.

All this notoriety, however, did not have the effect of making Herr George Grandidier conceited. It gave him, it is true, considerable satisfaction, but he never bragged about it. All that he had been known to say in allusion to his present prosperity was,—

“ Oh that my poor mother had lived to enjoy this ! ”

Still, with the increase of his wealth he was by no means averse to its display in his household in a moderate and unostentatious manner ; but as regarded himself, he was still the same simple, unassuming man he had always been, with but few requirements beyond that of being incessantly busy.

If you wished to visit him in his little realm, you had to betake yourself to an extensive, rambling, gloomy old building, which stood amongst others of a like description at Neu Cölln am Wasser. This quarter, although the fashionable reader has probably only known of it from hearsay, is in the highest degree antique and picturesque, at least for such a comparatively modern city as Berlin ; and quite irrespective of this, it is a most thriving locality, with its water, its ships, and its bridges, with its drug-factories and tanneries, its steam and chemical-bleaching works, with its ramblings and creakings

of rollers and cranes, and with all its other sounds and smells of every possible description.

On this spot then, in the most favourable position, stood Herr Grandidier's factory, a labyrinth of little courtyards, narrow entrances, staircases, consecutively-numbered doors,—on almost all of which were inscribed the words “No admittance except on business,”—and innumerable windows, from whence there was little or nothing to be seen but more doors and other windows.

This establishment had kept pace in its growth with the business, and had thrown out, like successive off-shoots, story upon story, and wing after wing; until at last it had assumed the appearance of a little square town, with a huge chimney, and with a population of some two hundred labourers.

The dwelling-house formed the actual centre of the whole, and was the oldest portion of the entire range of buildings. It had been an old house even when Herr Grandidier was quite a young man and

lived in Little Mauer-strasse, for it had been built in the previous century, and had formerly been the residence of a nobleman. Where the factory chimney now belched forth its volumes of smoke, there had once been a lovely garden and grand old trees. Since then, however, the nobility and gentry had quitted this neighbourhood, and in their stead the manufacturing classes of Berlin had commenced to form a settlement.

When Herr Grandidier bought it, the house had already fallen into a lamentable state of decay; and after the necessary building operations had been completed there was but little of its former grandeur remaining, except the main walls of the first story, the circular windows, of the shape known as "*œil de bœuf*," of the second, and a few statues and vases on the balustrade which surmounted the parapet of the roof. Internally everything was constructed in that sound and solid style which is now rarely to be met with in modern houses. Here, in a little world of his own, Herr

Grandidier lived, a highly respected member of the "French colony," contented, happy, and beloved by all, amid the good wishes of the rich, and the affection of the poor.

Less happy and contented, however, was Madame George Grandidier, or as she was called in full, Madame Louisa Dorothea Grandidier, *née* Schnockel. Descended from a good old citizen family, in which the trade of cap-maker had long been handed down from father to son, she had been chosen by Herr Grandidier to be his consort, at a time when he was only in a small way of business. Nevertheless she had looked upon it as a sort of rise in life when the preference of her bridegroom raised her from caps to hats, and she remained duly grateful to him all her life.

Her discontent therefore was not occasioned by her husband's legitimate success in trade, nor did she grudge him the extensive sale commanded by his hats. No! Madame Grandidier was neither ungrateful, nor jealous of her husband's

renown. Jealous, she most decidedly was not. She was the mildest, most unassuming creature in all Berlin, and besides had so obvious an inclination towards embonpoint that, were it on this account alone, no one would ever have given her credit for being ill-natured. Envy, jealousy, malice,—all these little failings, peculiar to other women, were utterly foreign to her nature. Such, indeed was her amiability, that it would have been almost impossible to reproach her with any foible, no matter how trivial. But it was the shop she missed; *that* was her grievance. She had, as it were, almost grown up in the trade. As a girl she had stood behind her father's counter, and later in life had faithfully performed the same duties, as a good wife should, for her husband, in Little Mauerstrasse. Without a murmur she had followed his fortunes to Friedrich-, and to Leipziger-strasse; and aided by two blooming daughters, who subsequently married, she had at length reached, not however without some compunction, the summit of

her husband's ambition, "*Unter den Linden*." She was but a weak woman, a thorough child of Berlin, where she had been born and bred. But she had no fancy for "being grand," as she termed it. From a cap-maker's daughter she had become a hatter's wife, and though duly grateful to God for their prosperity, this altered state of affairs was not at all to her taste, or in harmony with her ideas of happiness. Her heart fairly failed her at her husband's bolder ventures, and though she yielded to his wishes, still it was with evident reluctance. But the day at length came when she not only had to refrain from taking an active part in the business, but had also to quit the shop—her own shop—for ever! and that day was the most miserable one of her innocent and hitherto so happy existence.

"I don't consider it proper," said her husband, "for the wife of a manufacturer to stand behind the counter; and besides, for our daughters' sakes I can no longer permit it."

She made no reply; she looked up to her husband too much to venture on telling him that it is seldom any good comes of holding our heads too high. It did not even occur to her to do so; on the contrary, she felt satisfied that whatever he took in hand he would be certain to carry out successfully. Still she was unhappy about it, and she asked timidly and in a faltering voice,—

“Well, but what am I to do with myself all day long?”

“*Mon Dieu!*” said her husband, “I have no fears on that score; you must now devote yourself more to household matters and to the education of your daughters, and I don’t mind if you do a little for your own improvement as well. The money is there, so if you like to amuse yourself, all right. I will promote Schnellpfeffer, the carter, to be our coachman, and will put him in livery, with a fine fur cape for the winter; our old man-of-all-work Knüppel, also, who is no longer of any use in the business, shall have better times of it in his

old age, and shall be our man-servant. I have already ordered a handsome carriage, lined with red silk, so now you can go ahead. You can drive to the concerts at Liebich's, or to Renz's, or to the Opera; and by the bye, as we are on the subject," and with these words he drew nearer to his wife, raised himself on tiptoe—she being the taller of the two—and whispered in her ear, "Louisa, do me this one favour, try and speak better German, if it's only for our daughters' sakes. You shouldn't say 'ick,' but 'ich;' and you ought to say 'thun,' instead of 'dhun.' I have often told you it is only the Berlin common people who talk in that way, but it isn't at all the thing for a manufacturer's wife who has a position to keep up; and if it seems hard to you at first, you can console yourself with the knowledge that it has been no easy matter to me either. But take pattern by me, for 'Right through, through to the very end!' is Grandidier's motto!"

Good Madame Louisa Dorothea might

well have wished for a better pattern as regards the correct use of her mother-tongue, than her otherwise so talented husband. The latter could recollect the time when the older members of the "colony" talked French amongst themselves; and he himself did not speak it by any means amiss, especially as he had freshened it up during his stay in Paris. But as regards German, he was neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of people of that class in which his childhood and early youth had been spent; and although in later years he had taken the greatest pains to improve himself, he had only succeeded in attaining a style of grammar of his own manufacture, so to speak. He was therefore, in this particular also, a self-made man, and when he fell into a passion, which, owing to his excitable temperament, was by no means an unfrequent occurrence, all his good intentions went clean out of his head.

Thus it happened that the more her husband launched out, the smaller Madame

Grandidier felt. She lived in a perpetual state of nervousness. She could neither get used to the man-servant, nor to the liveried coachman, nor yet to the grand carriage, but least of all to the grammar and the new mansion. Alas! the amusements that her husband had provided, the Opera and Renz's, did not compensate her for the shop! With the shop her "golden age"—that age when we still wish and hope—had departed. Each day had *then* brought her something new, or at least something which she, in the innocence of her heart, considered as such; even old stories possessed for her an inexhaustible, ever-recurring charm. *Then* she had the latest intelligence to chat about, and inquiries to make into the condition of her last season's hats. She had to ascertain whether it would be quite impossible to impart to them some new shape or other, suited to the present fashion; the more, considering they had already been similarly operated on during the previous year; or else she would gossip with some friend

respecting the scandal of the city—about the last great state entertainment; or the ministerial ball, when the Spanish Ambassador sent for a new crush-hat, only ten minutes before its commencement:—"I knew he would; between ourselves, you know, his old one wasn't good enough for a chancery clerk, let alone an ambassador; but these ambassadors, they're always so stingy about their hats!"—or the story about the gentleman, "I won't name him but the incident is well known at court," who always arrived with an old hat, and as often went away with a new one.

Yes, this had been *her* world—*her* paradise; but Herr George Grandidier had driven her out of it. Well, be it so; but it was not easy to reconcile herself to the change. She seemed isolated, and felt as though she had grown older all of a sudden. Then she began to knit stockings—wonderful stockings, of all sorts and sizes, but the ardent desires of her heart refused to be stilled. Often, at night, she would dream of hats and of her old customers

coming to be served as usual, and she would call out in her sleep, "Müller, here; bring a brush for the Herr Geheimerath!"—or: "Is the hat for No. 3, Schönebergerstrasse, ready yet?" Fortunately, Herr George Grandidier was a sound sleeper and did not hear her, but she only felt the more miserable on awaking. At times too, if she wished to enjoy herself she would steal off, when her husband's back was turned, to spend an hour or two at their shop in the Linden. Pure enjoyment, however, it was not, for it was mingled with fear—fear lest her husband should suddenly discover her there, or that some one or other of her old acquaintances might inform him of her stolen visits.

But God is ever just and impartial. If Madame Grandidier had already had *her* trouble, Herr Grandidier too had *his* to come; and this trouble—or rather, the cause of it—was his son Edward, or "Grandidier junior," as his father used to call him, almost before he was able to walk.

Grandidier junior was much the youngest

of the family. He was still a child when his two sisters were married in quick succession—the elder, Charlotte (*vulgo* Lottchen) to a *geheime kanzlist*,¹ who had since become a *kanzleirath*;¹ the younger, Bertha, to a manufacturer of woollen goods and carpets, Söchier by name, who owned a large factory in Stralauer-strasse, and was also a member of the French colony.

The prosperous and honourable position in life of his daughters, was a source of happiness to their father, but his pride was Grandidier junior. All his hopes, to say nothing of his personal affections, were centred in his youngest child, whom he already looked upon as his successor. The Grandidiers had been hatters for two hundred years, and had imported their trade to Berlin; since that time it had been regularly handed down from father

¹ “Kanzlist,” “geheime kanzlist,” and “kanzleirath,” titles which have no corresponding English equivalents. A “kanzlist” is a clerk in chancery, and “geheimer kanzlist” and “kanzleirath” are the titles of higher degrees in the same department.

to son, but never before had the business attained such a flourishing condition, as at present.

What an enviable lot was that of this boy who was destined to succeed him, the heir to all his wealth and fortune, the representative of his firm, and the future head of the family ! What a pleasant life would be his ! He was born, so to speak, with a silver spoon in his mouth—the work was already done for him—he had only to carry out what his father had begun ; and the old man chuckled to himself as he thought of the splendid future before his son.

But even in his early years the boy commenced to develope tastes which did not exactly tally with those of his father. He was a handsome lad, with soft, curly, nut-brown hair; and dark eyes, dreamy and sympathetic. Their usually somewhat melancholy expression would, from time to time, change all of a sudden, on the smallest provocation, to one of merry roguishness, replete with mirth and

humour. At the same time he was singularly quiet for his age; but even from his earliest childhood he was far sharper than you would have given him credit for. He was, however, no hypocrite; he could be merry enough if he liked, when he was amongst his playfellows, but these, the companions of his youthful games, were entirely of his own choosing. They were, to his father's especial annoyance—and this really was the first commencement of Herr Grandidier's trouble—quite “below him,” as he used to say. No prohibition was of the slightest avail to keep him from making friends with the juvenile “street arabs,” whose external appearance is no more attractive in Berlin than in other large cities, but who, nevertheless, are nowhere surpassed for innate wit and good-humour, as well as for the readiness of their sallies and retorts. Edward was quite at home in the society of these little plebeians. He was always to be found near the approaches and balustrades of the bridges, or on the steps which led

down from them to the streets, or by the sand-hillocks, which are generally, goodness only knows why, on one or the other shore of the river; or else in the hiding-places and *culs-de-sac* of the neighbourhood, in the gloomy courtyards of the tumbledown houses, or the narrow alleys which open on to the water. These queer, winding bye-lanes, about which none but their occupants seemed ever to trouble their heads, were quite to his taste; far more so than the formal splendour of the state-rooms in his father's house. When these favourite haunts were enlivened by the shouts of his bosom friends, his countenance would beam with delight, and his mother used confidently to assert that she could distinguish his voice, resounding shrill and clear above those of his playmates, all the way across the water from the opposite shore.

But at home he would scarcely open his lips, and it was only by strong measures that he could even be induced to attend to his studies.

"I wish he would find some more suitable companions," his father would remark. "Are these street-vagabonds and bawling little scamps fit company for the son of a well-to-do family? *Mon Dieu!* why doesn't he make friends with some of his school-fellows? Why can't he at least associate with his equals? He'll never be fit to be seen as long as he keeps such company."

"Well, Grandidier, you need not trouble yourself on that score," answered his wife, somewhat ruffled. "I will be answerable for his personal appearance, if you will only look after the rest."

"Trust me for that," said Herr Grandidier, brandishing his favourite cane—one with a gold knob, as though he considered that when a boy of such good family required correction the chastisement should only be inflicted with a gold-headed cane.

Madame Louisa Dorothea shook her head.

"You will do but little good with that," thought she. She took care not to say it aloud, however, for she well knew her

husband would always have the last word, though in this case it seemed as if she were likely to be in the right.

When Edward was at home, and not busy with his grammar and slate, he would pour over books of fairy stories and legends. The pleasure he derived from them was almost as great and irresistible as that which he experienced when playing with his comrades out of doors. Fairy tales and the streets! the fascinating world of enchantment, and the commonplace reality of every-day life! Between these two the boy's existence was passed, as he introduced the one into the other, and felt perfectly at home in both.

"He is such a smart lad too," his father would often complain; "nothing comes amiss to him; and he always seems to succeed in whatever he undertakes. Oh! if he would only make up his mind to do what I wish."

There was the rub. He seldom *would* make up his mind to undertake anything—of his own accord at least—excepting,

perhaps, to get a sheet of paper and cover it with figures of the drollest and most fantastic description—princesses from the Arabian Nights, hobgoblins from Grimm's Fairy Tales, or old market-women from the square by St. Peters, all jumbled up together.

"You good-for-nothing youngster," his father would say, scolding him, "who gave you leave to spoil good paper in that way? If you had been drawing designs of hats, that would at least have given me some satisfaction, for I should then have seen that you had, to a certain extent, a turn for your future profession. Why, when I was your age, I was already of some use to my father. But caricatures like these! What nonsense!"

On this he would tear up the drawings, with a glance at the gold-headed cane, which stood with a sort of quiet dignity in the corner; though, to tell the truth, there it remained undisturbed.

In fact, it became plainer every day to Grandidier senior, that Grandidier junior

was on the high road to become a scamp, or at least what he considered as such. A scamp, according to his idea, was a youngster who had no liking for the factory, where he might look at and study machines of every kind, and of the most wonderful and varied construction; but whose inclinations led him in the contrary direction, to the back-buildings and court-yards, in which there was nothing to be learnt, and but little to be seen but old rubbish and poor people. Yes, this it was which occasioned his greatest trouble; everything seemed to go by contraries. The father practical, quick to begin, and restlessly active; the son a dreamer, irresolute, requiring to be urged along, and obeying only by compulsion—in matters, be it understood, which he disliked; and unfortunately there were many things which came under this category, and which lay nearest to his father's heart—especially the hats. The very smell of the factory, if he only came near it, was an abomination to him. It was still his

greatest delight to go idling about with all the little ragamuffins of his quarter, and even to share with them his breakfast, and his pocket-money. His mother in consequence was ever on guard at the corner windows of the house, in perpetual fear and trembling, for she was always thinking, when she heard his voice, that he had either fallen into the water, or was in immediate danger of doing so.

In a word, his was one of those singularly constituted natures which are far from easy to train, and which only can be guided by those who thoroughly understand them,—otherwise best left to themselves. But Herr Grandidier was equal to the emergency—he and his cane in the corner. “It will have to come out! I shall be obliged to use it,” he would say. With its aid, however, he effected but little beyond rendering the boy’s home more distasteful, and the streets more attractive to him than ever. In the latter he sought and found consolation and sympathy. The entire waterside population idolized

him ; he was known and beloved by all, whether bargemen whose boats lay at anchor by the lockgates, or dealers in old clothes on the Mühlen-damm. But this only added to his father's annoyance, making him at once irritable and pre-occupied. He perceived he would have to go to work in earnest, if he wished to make any progress in his son's education before it was too late. Accordingly one day he shut him up in the cellar ; and when, after leaving him there for some time by way of punishment, Edward had promised to be a better boy in future, he took him by the hand, saying,—

“Come with me for a walk, and I will guide you in the way you should go.”

CHAPTER. II.

HERE GEORGE GRANDIDIER GUIDES HIS SON IN
THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

HERE GEORGE GRANDIDIER dressed for this walk as if he were bound on some important business. He put on the brown frockcoat, which he always wore when he attended the meetings of the "community," and took also the thick bamboo cane with the gold knob, of which Grandidier junior stood so greatly in awe. Then with a glance at the weather he went to the front door, and smiled complacently as the afternoon sun lighted up with its red glow the gables of the houses opposite. The chimes of the Parochial-kirche across the water, in Kloster-strasse, sounded loud above all the din and turmoil of the city, reminding him, with their sweet tones

.

in the midst of his every-day duties, of the eternal peace and perpetual sabbath on high. This was no new sensation to Herr Grandidier, for each time he heard their sacred melody it seemed as though they had something good and holy to impart. He stood still, therefore, listening, until the bells ceased.

Then taking the boy's hand in his, they walked together for some time in silence by the riverside, the father absorbed in the task he had set himself, the son with his dark, dreamy eyes roving around in every direction, as he glanced at the numerous objects of interest which surrounded them on all sides—the glassy surface of the Spree, which at this point resembles a lake rather than a river, the church spires glistening in the sunlight, the little wooden booths by the water-side, the huge dingy buildings on the island, the vast masonry of the quay, the steps and iron railings on the one side of the Fisher-brücke, the open square by the river on the other, the tubs and casks

and flat reservoirs, in which great eels moved slowly round and round ; the crane and the barges, and the black piles in the centre of the stream, on which nets were always hanging ; the wooden bulwarks and parapets along the bank covered, as usual, with shirts and stockings ; the houses behind—some narrow and high, others long and low, some with many windows, others with very few, and one which boasted only a solitary window like an eye ; and the river itself, dark and mysterious, which is here lost to view under the houses, only to reappear on the other side of them, gurgling and roaring, where the mills with their ceaseless rattle ever revolve.

After crossing the Cöllnische Fischmarkt, and leaving behind them the rumble of waggons and the dense throng of foot-passengers, Herr Grandidier stopped short at the entrance of Breite-strasse, and, laying the gold knob of his cane against his nose, said, in a tone of inquiry,—

“Isn’t it wonderful that we are walking here in Breite-strasse ?”

To tell the truth, Grandidier junior could see nothing so very wonderful in the circumstance. He would have been far more surprised had his father taken him for a walk in Schornsteinfeger-strasse, or in Old Leipziger-strasse, where the passage between the corner-houses of Raule's Hof was one of his favourite resorts, or else on one of the little bridges from whence a tower, black with age, may be seen under the old trees. But in Breite-strasse!

Accordingly, he made a movement of utter incredulity, with which his father appeared by no means dissatisfied.

"I assure you, my son," he continued, "it would not be half so wonderful if we were at this moment walking in Paris, in the old 'cité,' or on one of the bridges over the Seine, or in the 'Place de la Grève.'"

The boy was now all attention, for though he had scarcely had time to bestow much consideration upon the subject, he thought it must be almost as pretty at

some of the places in Paris, referred to by his father, as at Neu Cölln am Wasser, and at any rate far prettier than in Breite-strasse.

Regarding him with a serious, nay, almost sorrowful expression of countenance, his father proceeded,—

“Yes, the greatest wonder is that we are walking at all, either here or anywhere else; for had not God preserved the lives of our ancestors two hundred years ago, and guided them hither in their flight, neither you nor I would ever have been in existence, nor the ‘French colony’ either; and who knows if even Berlin would have become the magnificent city it now is, with the finest houses, shops, and hats in the world. For these blessings we should thank God, and hold in honour the memory of a man, who, by God’s help, created for himself a name revered by all, but especially by the Grandidiers.”

They had by this time reached the end of Breite-strasse, from whence the royal palace of the Hohenzollern’s was in full

view, on the opposite side of the broad, open square. It was not, however, to this vast grey edifice, externally almost entirely devoid of ornamentation, that his father now pointed, but to a building opposite, of still more venerable aspect, embellished with pointed gables, and windows decorated in the old-fashioned style.

“You see that house with the bay windows?” said he, pointing with his stick to the long row of connected buildings. “Two hundred years ago it stood where it still stands to this day: Under that roof our ancestors held their first divine service after their arrival, exiles from their native land, miserable, suffering, and in distress. They came hither with strange tongue and foreign customs, but they were welcome; for had they not been persecuted for their faith? This house in Breite-strasse was their first place of refuge.”

The good man was invariably much affected when he spoke of these matters, now so long gone by, and, therefore, when he drew from his coat pocket his yellow

silk handkerchief, it was not easy to decide whether it was to wipe away the perspiration from his brow, or the tears from his eyes.

Taking his son again by the hand, and resuming his walk in the direction of the Schloss-platz, he told him the following story:—

“The Grandidiers were a devout and peace-loving family, domiciled in the old town or ‘cité’ of Paris, not far from ‘Notre Dame’ and the ‘Palais de Justice.’ Their abode was situated in one of the old streets of that quarter, and there they dwelt and made hats, content with their lot, and asking nothing but to be allowed to thank God for His goodness to them. But it was precisely that, which they and many thousand others belonging to the reformed faith were not permitted to do. Once already, one bloody night—the night of St. Bartholomew—about a hundred years earlier, the Huguenots had been assailed with fire and sword at the instigation of that horrible queen, Catharine de

Medicis. After that, in the reign of good King Henri Quatre, happier times were vouchsafed to us. He it was who gave us the Edict of Nantes; which granted us the right of worshipping God in our own churches and in our own way; and permitted us to ply our trades and to rejoice in the blessings which resulted from our labour. But this good king, who loved us, was assassinated by a Jesuit, and then the peace between the Protestants and the Catholics was at an end. Oh God! Thou who art Peace and Love; why cannot Thy children live and dwell in harmony together; why are they compelled to hate one another, in Thy name, and for Thy sake?"

Herr Grandidier said this more to himself than to his son, who, indeed, did not fully grasp the meaning of these words, though his interest was greatly excited by the spirit of adventure which pervaded them.

"About this time the business for which our family has always been noted was

carried on by two brothers, Alphonse, and Edward Grandidier—after the latter of whom you were named, Edward—who were in partnership together under the designation of the ‘Frères Grandidiers.’ With increasing dismay, they witnessed the spread of the feud. Nearer and nearer it came to the good old house in which the Grandidiers had flourished since the memory of man.

“In those days King Louis Quatorze reigned in France, a mighty monarch, who had ever thought far more of the world, its glory and false lustre, than of our loving Father in heaven.

“At length, when he grew old, he endeavoured to quiet his conscience by destroying the Protestant faith and extirpating it from his dominions. But faith is from above, and even a king, when he sets himself up in opposition to God, is after all only one of His creatures.

“At first our churches were closed, then they were razed to the ground. I well remember, from the accounts of the old

people, how at that time our ancestors were forced to make long journeys into the country,—to Charenton, for instance,—to pour out their hearts unto God in one of the few churches that were still left to them. But that too was at length forbidden, and they were no longer allowed to perform their devotions even in their own houses. Heavy penalties were exacted for any breach of those decrees, and soldiers were billeted on suspected families, to suck their very blood, and to torment them. Even that was not all. One day the wife of Alphonse came home wailing and lamenting—‘My child! my child!’ she cried, tearing her hair in impotent despair. They had stolen her child—a boy of about your age, Edward—her only son . . . the name has remained in the family—he was called George . . . ”

“*Your* name, father!” exclaimed the boy.

Trembling with emotion, Herr Grandidier paused in his narration. His eyes were fixed on his son with an expression

of intense affection, as though he wished to protect him against some invisible enemy.

The boy, however, clenching his little fist, exclaimed,—

“What an infamous king! what a detestable country is this France!”

“Nay, my son,” said his father, reproving him with unusual gentleness; “we must never forget that our ancestors were Frenchmen. Though exiles and banished, we must not curse the land from whence we came. The wrongs we suffered have proved a blessing; but in those dark and terrible days, who could have foreseen it?”

“For weeks, and even months, Alphonse struggled with his conscience. ‘Become a Catholic,’ said the monks to him, ‘and you shall have your son again; he has become a Catholic, and we can only restore him to a Catholic father!’—‘Catholic!’ repeated the poor man in a hollow voice, scarce knowing what he said, ‘My son a Catholic!’—There, within the convent wall, they had forced the child to renounce the faith

of his fathers.—‘God has permitted it,’ said his brother Edward, endeavouring to comfort him, ‘the will of God be done. You, however, must not comply with their demands; sacrifice your son but not your faith!’ It was more than Alphonse could do. With a broken heart he dragged himself to the convent:—a century later this very convent was stormed during the French revolution, and the altar at which Alphonse renounced his faith stood ankle-deep in the blood of its last monks. You see, my son, that even here below, injustice is visited upon its authors. When this impious deed had been accomplished, and when he had renounced his faith and that of his fathers, the monks restored his son.

“Frantic with remorse, and throwing himself on the ground in an agony of tears and sobs, he cried, ‘Take him to his mother, *I* cannot embrace him; I have regained my son, but I have lost my hopes of heaven!’ On the same day, the 1st of October, 1685, the Edict of Nantes was publicly revoked, when more than twenty-

five thousand French Protestants were without house and home."

"And what did Edward Grandidier do," asked his son, "my godfather, didn't you say?"

"Well, not exactly your godfather," replied his father, with a kindly smile, "it was two hundred years ago! But your namesake, your great-great-grandfather: do you wish to know what became of him? Bible in hand he said to his brother, 'Farewell, Alphonse! in this world we shall see each other no more; but God grant that we may one day meet in the next!' Secretly he quitted the city—his beloved Paris, where in the churchyard, reposed the ashes of his fathers—and, accompanied by his faithful wife, he took the road to Charenton; but when they came thither they found there, too, the last Protestant church in France in ruins, laid waste, vanished from the earth . . . but he was destined to find a new one in another city and in a distant land. . . ."

Herr Grandidier paused. They were

now in the Schloss-platz, approaching the long bridge, in front of which is the Königstadt, teeming with life and animation; on the left, Burg-strasse; and on the right, the river.

“Mournfully stood Edward Grandidier on that October day, by the ashes of the church at Charenton, not knowing whither to direct his steps. Suddenly there rang out from the North a voice, like a summons from the land of promise. The poor fugitives hearkened unto it, and their hearts were poured forth in thankfulness to heaven. It resounded across the Rhine, in heartfelt sympathy with the unhappy people, who were enduring such hardships for the gospel, and for that pure doctrine which we here also profess, and it offered our country to them as a safe retreat, and sure place of refuge from their enemies.”

His youthful countenance beaming with enthusiasm, the boy fixed his gaze intently on his father, who now pointed towards the bridge where, in the recess, stood the

well-known equestrian statue, glistening in the rays of the evening sun.

“Hither, to Berlin, came the fugitives—the Valettes and the Humberts, the Bouchés, the Lennés, and the Nicholas, the Ravenés, and all the great families who refused to renounce the faith of their fathers.

“Hither came gardeners from the suburbs of Paris, who adorned their new home with flowers such as had not before been known in Berlin—manufacturers from the south and west, who wove velvets and silks, spun linen, and made cloth and fine woollen stuffs—hither came men from Languedoc, who introduced the art of making costly woven fabrics—gold embroiderers from Villiers-le-bel, with brocaded cloths and laces—tapestry-makers from Auvergne, and metal-workers from Sedan, who forged sword-blades and other weapons—and hither also came the Grandidiers, and here they founded the first hat-manufactory, and they prospered in their new home. Sadly, and after many

delays, had they severed themselves from their native land, but here they found again what they had lost: nay, even more,—the church of Charenton now stands in the centre of Berlin, in the Gendarmemarkt; and there, in the French cathedral, we, their descendants, praise God, and thank Him, keeping ever fresh in our memory the debt of gratitude we owe to that man yonder." They had now reached the bridge, and were standing before the beautiful bronze statue of the "Great Elector," around whose head the bay-leaves sparkled in the gleam of the setting sun—"he it was who summoned the exiles to his side, who opened his country to us, and gave us here, a permanent abode—blest be the name of the 'Great Elector,' for he was the benefactor and protector of the Grandidiers!"

The boy stood absorbed in contemplation of the hero who bestrode his charger with such a lordly mien, firmly grasping his reins as the noble animal reared high in air. What cheerful serenity was on

that manly brow, what nobility in those features, and what power in that massive chest! Truly, a man of bronze, and yet it seemed to Edward almost as though the statue were endowed with life, and could respond to the warmth of the feelings with which he now gazed at it—as though it would one day leap down, over the heads of the giants who lay in chains at its feet, on to the trembling earth below, and would come to his aid in the hour of his greatest need and trial.

“The lesson of this afternoon will not be lost upon him,” thought his father, as he observed with satisfaction the deep impression which the monument seemed to have made on the boy—a monument of one whom he had learnt to regard almost as the patron saint of his family, and for whom he entertained the most intense veneration and gratitude.

The twilight gloom already rested on the broad bosom of the Spree as they sauntered slowly homewards, and the spires alone of the neighbouring churches

still retained the last glimmer of daylight. Darkly in the clear evening sky ascended the black smoke-clouds from the tall factory chimneys, and the gutters reeked with hot vapour from the boilers. Countless lights began to glimmer in every direction, and in the silence of the evening could be heard the hammering and stamping of engines and machinery, far and near, from both sides of the water, proceeding from the factories of the Stralauer quarter; from Neu Cölln am. Wasser, and from Wall-strasse—and here also was Herr Grandidier's factory.

Seen from this side, it presented the appearance of a long, lofty building with numerous low, circular-topped, latticed windows, which were now lighted up. Within, all was life and animation. In a large office on the ground floor, were clerks, accountants, and book-keepers, in full view from outside as they sat bending over their desks, busy and hard at work by the light of little green shaded lamps. Adjoining this, was another and still larger

department, occupied by machinery ; but though the window-panes were much tarnished, the bright light rendered it easy to discern through them, long-bearded men with smoke-begrimed faces, and with jackets blackened with soot, moving about here and there inside. Next came the entrance gateway, and above it, an illuminated clock, so large that the movement of its hands, advancing slowly and inexorably, was distinctly visible to the eye, as though they would say to the spectator, "Behold, this minute is now past and gone for ever, and no human power can recall it." Below the clock was inscribed, in huge black letters, upwards of an ell in length, "George Grandidier, Hat Manufacturer." This was surrounded by fac-similes of all the prize medals awarded to him at the various exhibitions, some of bronze, others of silver or gilt, but enlarged to such a gigantic size that even now, in the twilight, their various impress, character, and inscription could be easily deciphered. Bringing his lecture to a conclusion, Herr

Grandidier pointed to a particularly well-executed medallion, which represented the goddess of industry offering a wreath of honour to the firm of Grandidier, and said,—

“For all this, we have to thank our hats; but you see there is still room for more medals, and when you grow up I shall look to you to gain them.”

It seemed, however, that of all the boy heard on these occasions, it was the moral which awakened within him the least sympathy. It went, as the saying is, in at one ear and out at the other. His thoughts would dwell on what excited his imagination or captivated his fancy, but it was foreign to his nature to be forced to go a second time over the same ground, and the oftener it was attempted the more reserved he became. Here was a constant source of disagreement between father and son, and the former, as Edward grew older, was met by sullen indifference, which was far more difficult to overcome than undisguised resistance or defiance of authority.

Attentively as the boy would follow—nay, almost anticipate, when listening to stories of the past and the great deeds of his ancestors—he would resolutely relapse into silence the moment the conversation tended towards that object, for the prosperity of which, according to Herr Grandidier, all these wonders and tokens had happened.

One day, on their return from a walk like that just described, the boy amused himself by drawing upon a sheet of paper he had found, and soon his father saw, with astonishment, figures of men depicted on it, each holding a cross and staff, whilst high above them in the clouds, appeared as the guardian-angel of the pilgrims, a knight on horseback—doubtless the “Great Elector” himself, whom indeed he unmistakably resembled.

“What is that meant for,” asked Herr Grandidier, reaching towards the sheet of paper, which still lay on the table before his son.

“Oh, nothing,” answered he, hastily

tearing it up, as though he did not wish it to be seen.

"I suppose it was intended for the goddess of industry, whom you saw over our gate?" said the father, pursuing his investigations still further, to see what his son would say.

But the latter, whatever might be his other faults, was incapable of an untruth; the mere thought of one was repugnant to his frank, open nature.

"No," exclaimed he, in a tone of contempt, "I didn't see much in *her* worth drawing; that would be about the last thing I should think of."

In truth, it was this which caused Herr Grandidier so much vexation, viz., that his son had no turn for business.

"We might be so happy," he would often say to his better half, as she sat knitting as usual at the window; "our affairs are prosperous, and our daughters have married well,—but that boy, that boy! I fear he will come to no good!"

Madame Louisa Dorothea, excellent wife

as she was, could scarcely repress a slight sensation of malicious pleasure at the discovery that her husband too had *his* troubles, and she consoled herself by taking her son's part out of opposition—nay, she actually waxed bold in her new task, she, the patient wife who had never before even thought of gainsaying her husband.

“I can see nothing so very bad about Edward,” said she, accordingly, “he no doubt is naughty at times, like other boys, and you punish him for it—that’s all; what more do you want?”

“What more do I want? Why, you know as well as I do, that I want him to enter the hat trade.”

“But suppose he is not willing.”

“He—not willing?” cried Herr Grandidier getting angry; but as the awful possibility suddenly occurred to him that perhaps his son might really not be willing, he added, in a tone of reproach, “If he isn’t, it will be your fault.”

“*My* fault?” replied the good lady,

letting fall her knitting in her astonishment.

"Yes, yours, Louisa Dorothea, *née* Schnockel; yours, and yours only!"

"I have no patience with your nonsense," rejoined his wife; "why, I never interfere with the boy, because you say I don't understand that sort of thing; but *you* spoil him at one moment, and the next you regularly puzzle him with all your scolding and lectures. Let him enjoy himself while he is young."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Herr Grandidier, whose anger was steadily rising; "when I was his age, *sacré nom de Dieu!* wasn't I just a sharp fellow! A good hook must be bent sometimes."

"Very good," replied Madam Louisa Dorothea calmly, "I can tell you, however, you won't bend *him*. In his own way he is as obstinate as you are."

"This will cure his obstinacy, you may rely upon it," said her husband, snatching up the gold-topped cane, and sallying

forth in search of his hopeful offspring, who was generally to be found somewhere in the neighbourhood, with a select band of kindred spirits, playing at robbers and police, he being, of course, always captain of the robbers.

Herr Grandidier made very short work of the robber captain, and seizing him by the ear without more ado, he carried him off to the factory.

When Edward at such times set eyes on the stick, he knew his fate, but he evinced no sign of alarm or contrition. When they had reached the front room of the factory, his father commenced by reproaching him for his want of affection and absence of inclination for mercantile pursuits, recounting how much he himself had understood about business when he was Edward's age.

"Never mind," he added, "I'll teach you how hats are made," giving him at the same time a box on the ear, which made the stone walls ring again.

Commencing his course of instruction

thus, he conducted his pupil through the various departments of the factory, until they reached the storeroom, which was on the upper floor of all, under the roof, where were ranged the finished hats in fine white paper cases and elegant band-boxes.

Taking a particularly choice specimen from its box, he smoothed it round with his sleeve, blew upon it, and lastly, looking at it sideways with partially closed eyes, he said,—

“Look at that; even here there is something worth learning. This is called a beaver hat, and is the finest we make, half beaver and half camel’s hair. Cardinal’s hats alone are finer, but as we have no cardinals in Berlin, there is no use making hats for them.”

He then explained what a work of art a hat like this was, with its completeness of detail and elegance of finish, with its glossy exterior, and neat linings of silk and leather, even to its very trade-mark, consisting of the Prussian coat-of-arms, and

below it, "George Grandidier, Berlin," stamped inside at the top in gold letters.

The said person was so absorbed in contemplating the produce of his factory, that he only now observed that his hopeful scion, instead of listening to him, had taken a pencil from his pocket, and had been decorating a bandbox with a sketch of a truly marvellous procession. On closer inspection, it proved to be the whole of the little robber band from the street below, each individual of them hit off to a nicety, without shoes or stockings, and with tattered trousers, but one and all adorned with brand new hats; the leader being mounted on a camel, and carrying a standard with Herr Grandidier's trade-mark as its device.

This was too much for his father's patience. Seizing the gold-headed cane, he wound up the practical lecture on hat-making, which the box on the ear had inaugurated, with such a sound thrashing, that it would probably have cured any other boy of first playing with little street

vagabonds, and then reproducing them on bandboxes.

But Edward clenched his teeth and uttered no sound, either of pain or complaint. The more severely his father treated him, the more reserved he became—quieter, not more refractory, but more impassive; yielding to compulsion, though with manifest reluctance. At that early age, when youth with its yearnings and requirements, its force and its energy, usually commences to assert itself, he appeared either disinclined for independent action of any kind, or incapable of voluntary exertion.

A far different picture would have presented itself to those who might have taken the trouble to look deeper into the inmost thoughts of the boy who was just merging into youth. They would have found an absorbing and ardent longing for everything that was denied him at home, for freedom, development, beauty, love, for the ineffable : for that, by finding form and expression for which, the artist is created ;

but along with it, a feeling of the deepest dejection, and a depressing sense of responsibility.

His games with the boys on the sand-hillocks, and by the water, which had once made him so popular throughout the entire neighbourhood, gradually ceased. As Edward grew older, his former patrons and protectors, the boatmen, were struck with the gravity of his demeanour, premature and far beyond his years. Wrapped in his own thoughts, though always responding with his former good-natured smile to their greetings and salutations, he went on his way as if in search of something, they knew not what. And did he himself know? It was the unknown! All who saw the pale youth, tall, slender, and with those great dreamy eyes, must have pitied him. He envied the bargemen as they unfastened their boats and floated down stream; and he longed to go with them, though the end and object of their journey was probably only Charlottenburg or Spandau. But even that would have

been something—an escape from the monotony of his life at home, or at least a step in that direction. Willingly would he have changed places with Samuel Fränkel, a small shopkeeper of the district, and one of his oldest friends. Samuel Fränkel was an elderly, and by no means particularly distinguished individual; he was, however, always contented, and in the evening, when he closed his shop, put on his overcoat and hat, and lighted his cigar before proceeding to his house in Heiligengeist-strasse,—no one, in truth, could have been happier. Often would Edward gaze after him wistfully; not that he grudged the honest friend of his childhood this happiness, but the contentment which arose from his regular business habits, unalloyed by family dissensions and differences, seemed, as it were, a reproach to himself, and made him miserable.

“I shall never attain it,” thought he, “never! unhappy wretch that I am.”

We grown up people never dream what

a youthful spirit of this nature, misunderstood by those around it, and as yet uncertain of its own aspirations, suffers, until it has struggled into acknowledgment; we cannot even realize this in after-years, unless we have ourselves experienced it in our youth.

Thus Edward had become almost a stranger in his father's house; and there remained, at length, one place only where he could feel at home—a curious little nook, which he had originally discovered on the occasion of that involuntary walk, when his father had taken him all over the factory, even to the top story, in hopes of awakening him to a sense of the attractions of hat-making. This place was a garret, situated still higher than the rooms of the upper floor, gloomy and oppressive, but withal so still, and enveloped in such an atmosphere of mystery and antiquity that, when once he had discovered it, he could scarcely tear himself away. A little staircase, finger-deep in dust, led both to it and to the outside of the store-rooms,

which were separated from the former by a wooden partition. Edward had first observed the little staircase through this partition, and on going up found himself almost in another world. All around were cobwebs and dust. Little by little his eyes became accustomed to the uncertain light, which, though it was mid-day, entered but dimly through a round window in the gable. The glass of this window had become well-nigh impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and its hinges so tightly rusted that it could no longer be opened. Years must have elapsed since the foot of man had crossed its threshold, and it seemed to him as though there was something weird and ghostlike about it. Here and there were old chairs, on which men and women, who had lain in their graves for the past two centuries, might have sat; worm-eaten tables, damaged Venetian mirrors, with silver flowers, long since blackened by age; fire-screens of faded embroidery, old tapestry, rotten as tinder, and crumbling away at the slightest touch;

picture-frames without pictures, quantities of half-torn, mouldy books; old-fashioned, green lamps, still reeking of oil, though never lighted during the time of the present owner of the house; a mantel-clock, without hands, supported on alabaster pillars; baskets full of damaged china and broken glass; cooking apparatus of every kind; and in the darkest corner of an enormously large wooden press, the doors of which scarce hung on their hinges, a leathern trunk. This trunk had evidently once been locked, and, indeed, was so still, but the leather round the lock had become brittle, so that the lid could be opened without the slightest force being used. Within it lay papers, yellow from age, their edges perished with mildew; plans of towns, and maps of countries, their colours and inscriptions almost obliterated from long lying-by; and, at the bottom of all, a red velvet case, which flew open as Edward touched it. For the moment he was startled as the object in his hand seemed

endowed with animation where all else appeared lifeless, but on bringing it to the light, he beheld the portrait of a most lovely girl. It was a miniature, delicately executed, and of the finest colouring. The hair ash-brown, the eyes dark, and the entire face lit up by such a soft, mournful smile, that from that moment every other thought vanished from Edward's mind, and the impression made by the picture alone remained. This mysterious spot seemed now to assume another aspect, as the abode of the unknown fair one, who ceased, thenceforward, to be a picture—a shadow—and became to him a reality.

His life, hitherto such a blank, had now an aim and an object. He would steal softly up, as often as he could do so in secret—for he trembled at the bare idea of detection—and would sit there, in the lovely summer afternoons, for hours together. The sun glimmered faintly through the dingy little window, but one small corner in the glass remained clear, through which he could still look, and

see something of the world without. It was not much certainly, but it was enough. Roofs of houses, chimneys, the blue vault of heaven above, and beyond in the distance, a little green spot,—meadows perhaps, or trees, outside the city on the banks of the Spree. His dreams bore him, in the spirit, to that little green spot—dreams of a charming, picturesque country house with white walls and brown tiled roof, a forest and a river close by, and within the house, the fair unknown of the picture. When the sun sank in the west, and this strange chamber—a lumber-room in reality—became filled with the glow of evening, when golden lights danced on the low walls, and the spiders' webs sparkled like lace from fairy hands,—who can say what enchanting visions filled his imagination; what dreams of an uncertain future, what fancies of that ethereal substance whence poetry, painting, and art derive their origin?

From this paradise of his youth also, Edward was only too soon to be driven.

“My dear,” said Herr Grandidier one day to his wife,—for nothing escaped his sharp eye, not even footprints on a dusty staircase,—“I think we must lock up our lumber-room. I don’t indeed know who would be likely to look for anything there, or what they would find among the old rubbish if they did; but I feel certain that somebody has been up those stairs, though in this house we seem never able to be certain of anything.”

“That is intended for a cut at me, I suppose,” replied good Madame Louisa Dorothea. “Do whatever you like with your lumber-room; it’s all one to me.”

In point of fact, it had always been more *his* room than *hers*. When he had first bought the house, he found it almost in the same condition in which it still was, and no one knew how long it had remained so. Old, useless articles, once belonging to former generations who were dead and gone, and who had lived under this roof in former days, had been piled up there together; besides, Herr Grandidier was of

a most conservative disposition, with a decided affection for what had been handed over to him, provided it did not actually get in his way. Thus it happened that in all the building alterations to which the old house at Neu Cölln am Wasser had been at one time or another subjected, this remote nook had been spared; and soon after its present owner had purchased it, he himself had deposited in this lumber-room many things that he considered would, there, be in the best company. They had long since passed from his memory, when the marks of feet on the dusty stairs once more reminded him of their existence.

On the following day, when Edward came to the door of the little garret, he found it locked. The discovery that this quiet place of retreat, which had hitherto afforded him so much happiness, was now lost to him for ever, gave a terrible shock to his feelings. Crushed by the intensity of his grief, which moved him almost to tears, he at the same time experienced the

sensation of having been treated unjustly, and an irresistible spirit of defiance and opposition was the immediate consequence.

"I *must* see her again," he cried, clenching his fist, "I *must* see her again, even though I paint her portrait myself."

His father, however, soon began to doubt the success of his plan of education, and to regret his undue haste in locking the above-mentioned door in his son's face; for although the subject had never been named by either of them, yet he felt certain that it was no one but Edward who had been there—he could not exactly explain why, except that his son was always doing what he ought not.

In the meantime, Edward had reached his seventeenth year, and his father considered the time had now arrived for him to enter the factory as an apprentice. But Herr Grandidier had yet to learn that there existed an insurmountable obstacle to a good understanding between himself and his son, which, with all his severity, he was unable to get the better of. This shadow

of disagreement, dating from Edward's very boyhood, and again betraying its existence in that silent conflict which had culminated in the fatal closing of the lumber-room door, had since then ever kept increasing. No sign either of pleasure or the reverse did Edward give on hearing his father's announcement; but the latter, although he had expected no enthusiasm, would have preferred a rebellious answer, to that ominous silence. At length losing all patience he exclaimed,—

“Well, have you nothing to say?”

“What *could* I say?” answered Edward, with that air of reserve and indifference which had now become almost habitual to him; “you have asked me no question. You wish me to enter the factory, and I obey.”

“But that is not sufficient. You must do it willingly, and must display an interest and a delight in your future profession. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* when I was your age, how gladly would I have given my consent!”

Edward still held his tongue.

But Herr Grandidier was not to be satisfied with that.

“What an obstinate youngster it is!” he cried. “Will you give me an answer?”

“You require my compliance, and I shall obey you,” replied Edward. “But willingly? well, if you *must* know the truth,—no: it is not my vocation.”

Herr Grandidier burst out into a loud laugh; it was, however, anything but a laugh of pleasure. “Vocation, indeed! who has put that into your head? Only seventeen, and you begin to talk about a vocation! Well then, I will tell you once for all, the vocation of the Grandidiers is hat-making. It has been so for two hundred years, and *you* shall certainly not make the first exception. What else do you wish to be, I should like to know? An idler? a loafer?”

Edward's dark eyes flashed. Every veiled emotion that lay dormant within him—the stifled joys of youth, the smothered embers of passion, his natural

serenity and innate humour, all the most secret aspirations of his life, at once awoke, and imparted to his countenance, for an instant, an expression of irresistible energy and decision, before which his father quailed. Clasp ing his hands in an attitude of entreaty, he exclaimed,—

“ Oh, father ! if you ask me what I wish to be—there is but one thing, one only in the whole world ; let me be an artist ! ”

He would have said more, but stopped short on observing the expression of his father’s face. He felt like a traitor who had betrayed some secret, hitherto preserved inviolate, and locked in the inmost recesses of his heart. He felt mortified, rather than angry. His eyes lost their lustre, and his face became once more impassive, listless, and apathetic. All had passed as in a dream.

But the fatal word had been uttered. The cloud had become a reality.

“ It is only what I might have expected,” said Herr Grandidier when he had in some degree recovered from the first shock.

"An artist, and nothing more! Indeed, my young fellow, 'Buchholz has no money for that,' as old Fritz used to say;¹ and 'right through, through to the very end,' says Grandidier. An artist! *my* son an artist! You don't say so of your own accord; your mother and that confounded Professor Bestvater have had a hand in it, I know. Yes, yes, I see it now," he exclaimed, the scales as it were falling from his eyes; "that picture is the cause of all the mischief. Now I know what you were about so quietly in the lumber-room. Old Grandidier isn't such a fool as you all take him for. But this time I will cross your plans in a way that will make you consider me in future!"

¹ A common Berlin saying, equivalent to "it cannot be permitted." Buchholz was treasurer to Frederick II. (Frederick the Great); when applied to for money, the king, if unwilling to grant it, used to write on the margin of the petition: "Dazu hat Buchholz kein Geld."

CHAPTER III.

PROFESSOR BESTVATER.

THE reader has by this time, I presume, made the acquaintance of Herr George Grandidier sufficiently to have discovered that he was a good kind of man, and reasonable enough, as long as he had his own way, but that if anything went "against the grain" he would work himself into a passion, and mix up things which in reality had no connexion with each other.

In this sense, then, I must ask him to take Herr Grandidier's last words, and on no account to assume from them that he considered good Madame Louisa Dorothea and Professor Bestvater were at all too intimate. Far from it! no angel could be purer than she was; and Herr Grandidier

would have given any one a piece of his mind who had dared to entertain the smallest suspicion to the contrary. He had just as little intention of making any imputation on the professor beyond that of being an artist. The professor's bad example, coupled with the indulgence of the mother, had been the ruin of the son. Madame Grandidier had always taken Edward's part, and by her leniency had marred the success of his father's system of education; this seemed quite clear to him, and was the obvious purport of what he had said.

The professor was an artist—of that there was no doubt; but who had dubbed him a professor was less clear! It certainly was not the Berlin Academy of Arts! Notwithstanding this, however, the appellation was of more value to him than all his pictures, for by this title, and by a gift he possessed of making after-dinner speeches in prose or verse, he gained his livelihood. He had for years been a welcome guest in certain Berlin circles—in

the houses of rich *parvenus* who were much given to entertaining, and by whom a person possessed of a title and the gift of eloquence was considered indispensable. We are not now referring to the era of speculation, which lay as yet unborn in the lap of time: whatever wealth existed at that period in Berlin had been acquired by sheer hard work. The formal and ceremonious banquets which they gave amongst themselves commenced and concluded early, and were generally enlivened, as already mentioned, by æsthetic displays of all kinds, such as the recital of poetry, or the singing of songs and ballads. Each of these circles invariably boasted some *habitué* of an artistic turn of mind, and at Herr Grandidier's the "Professor" shone in this capacity.

Professor Bestvater had a tolerably good notion of his own importance; he tyrannized over these *nouveaux riches* in whose large *salons*, and still larger dining-rooms, he represented the dignity of art, and the world of rank, fashion, and

education. He was able, accordingly, to take many liberties, which would, in the case of a less privileged personage, have excited general dissatisfaction. Not only would he eat heartily, especially when the rarest delicacies were handed round, but he would also pocket some as well. "Look, look! the professor is laying in stores," people would whisper to each other, when they saw him—for indeed he made little attempt at concealment, when once his audience had become accustomed to his ways. Tartlets, packets of sugar-plums, and bunches of grapes, disappeared within his capacious pockets, which soon assumed quite a purse-like appearance in consequence. He used to bring with him for this purpose several sheets of paper, which made their appearance at dessert with unfailing regularity. But when, tapping his champagne-glass—which, by the way, seemed perpetually empty—he rose, and with a smile on his opening lips commenced, "Ladies and Gentlemen!!!" all his little weaknesses were forgiven and forgotten.

In that unassuming class of society, they admired his telling illustrations and epigrams, when, for instance, it was a question of how to fête a young married couple, or of celebrating the arrival of some new "little stranger." Never, under any circumstances, would he omit to say a few words in praise of the mistress of the house, even when she had nothing whatever to do with the event on hand; as for instance, raising his glass and bowing politely to Madame Grandidier, he would say,—

"Pearl of thy sex! of beauty, too, most rare!
Assembled here, we taste thy bounteous fare.
On brow so pure, so lovely, so divine,
Let myrtle-wreath, with olive-branch, entwine."

Or bring out some similar effusion, when he alluded to the other auspicious occasion.

No wonder then that all these important families disputed with each other the possession of Professor Bestvater; and Herr George Grandidier was not the man to quarrel with such an ornament of

society. Not only had he so habituated himself to the professor's company that he could scarcely get on without him, but he also felt, to a certain extent, in his debt, as the latter had, some time since, brought about the match between Charlotte and the kanzleirath. It flattered Herr Grandidier's ambition and loyalty not a little, to reckon as one of the family this man, who stood so high in the official hierarchy of the Prussian state, and who might rise even higher still. The marriage had proved a happy one, and had been blessed with three sons. When their grandfather wished to have some fun with them, and asked the boys what profession they intended to adopt, they would stand all of a row and say,—

“Kanzleiraths too, like papa!”

In spite of this, Herr Grandidier never had a very high opinion either of Professor Bestvater or of his art, or, indeed, of artists in general. An artist was, according to his ideas and experience, a man who was never in funds, but always in

debt, and who, without visible occupation or means of livelihood, was only good for making jokes to amuse honest, hard-working people during their leisure hours and at table, and for nothing else whatever. His very blood boiled at the thoughts of his son Edward becoming a creature like this—his only son—Grandidier junior! and a certain amount of antipathy was now added to the contempt which he had previously felt for the professor's calling, for he was convinced that the bad example of this man was the cause of his son's shortcomings.

Really, to tell the truth, the professor was rather flattered than otherwise by this imputation, for there had been a time when he possessed, not only the pride, but also the ambition of the artist—a time when, with the whole ardour and passion of his soul, he painted pictures, especially snow-scenes by moonlight, and water falls glowing in the evening sun, which he disposed of, according to the size of the gilt frame, for six, ten, and, when it—that is the

frame—was three feet by four, even for twenty thalers. As years rolled on, however, his brilliant youthful illusions commenced to fade. It is impossible to go on for ever painting nature in her brightest colours at the rate of six, ten, and twenty thalers, gilt frames included. Bestvater's artistic productions and talents therefore had been gradually lost sight of, as they yielded the foremost place to his social qualities. One work from his brush, a glacier with Alpine scenery and effect, had long adorned the dining-room at Herr Grandidier's, and this frozen torrent had become pregnant with the fate of the youngest scion of his house. This, at least, was Herr Grandidier's unalterable opinion. In reality, the boy had often stood wrapt in admiration before this picture, which, ere he had found his way to the Old and New Museums,¹ had given him his first ideas of painting, and had imbued him with the ardent desire of pos-

¹ The "Old" and "New Museums" are the art-galleries of Berlin.

sessing a paint-box of his own. But alas ! for his mother, when she gratified this harmless desire of her son, and alas ! too, for the evil day, when his father penetrated the mystery. The paint-box was thrown into the Spree, the gilt frame of the "Glacier" burnt, and the picture itself consigned to the lumber-room and there buried beneath a heap of heavily-packed boxes.

But misfortune had obtained a footing in the house. The young man had discovered the unlucky picture under the boxes. It was evident to Herr Grandidier that this, and nothing else, had enticed him to the garret, fortified him in his stubbornness, and given rise to those fatal words:

"I wish to be an artist!"

It never occurred to him to think of that other picture, that lovely miniature, the existence of which had long since faded from his memory. In his anger he exclaimed,—

"That Chimborazo—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the professor ; "it's Mont Blanc."

"So it may be for aught I care. I should long ago have banished it from the face of the earth, had I only known how to get rid of such an article, which would float if thrown into the water, and for which no hearth is large enough."

This was a sad blow to the professor, though it was not the first he had been obliged to put up with in this house.

"As regards my youngster," proceeded Herr Grandidier, "I will make very short work of *him*; he is a stubborn fellow, who can only be coerced by strong measures."

"Your short process won't answer with him," replied his wife; "he is one of the 'French Colony.'"

"Lousia Dorothea," cried Herr Grandidier, "pray be careful what you are talking about! You shall say nothing in disparagement of the 'colony.'"

"God forbid!" answered his wife; "but it cannot be denied that every member of the 'colony' has something remarkable about him; and so has the boy. He will do what he has a mind for—and will suc-

ceed in it, too. If I were you, I would let him make his own choice of a profession. I warn you beforehand, some misfortune will certainly happen if you oblige him to be what he has no taste for. He is quieter than you are, but he has your curly hair and temper!"

"He has my curly hair and temper, has he?" cried her angry spouse. "*My* temper, indeed. And pray what does he derive from you? His military height and blue eyes, I suppose. But *you* can't paint, either!"

Madame Louisa Dorothea, beyond measure piqued at her husband now speaking so disparagingly of certain personal qualities which, in former days, he had found most charming, replied,—

"It is true I cannot paint, but neither am I such an obstinate individual as you are. You may be as proud as you like of that."

The little man became quite silent and dumbfounded at his wife offering so bold a resistance to his authority, and the

professor therefore deemed the right moment had arrived for *him* to put in a word.

"An artist's is as good as any other profession," said he. "A man can gain his livelihood at it; at least provided he understands it thoroughly."

"Oh yes, we can see that by you, at a glance," answered the other, sarcastically; "you are a living instance of it."

"Sir!" exclaimed the professor angrily, "I beg you will not be personal."

"If the cap fits, you can wear it," replied Herr Grandidier, contemptuously.

"Your wife is right though," said the professor, endeavouring to turn the conversation, for he was afraid that he had already gone too far. "You should rejoice and thank God for giving you so clever a wife."

The little man, whose face had grown still redder than usual, from anger, addressing his wife continued: "I suppose you expect me to go down on my knees to you in token of contrition, say 'dear Louisa Dorothea,' and beg your pardon with due solemnity?"

"No," answered she, "I only want you to be sensible, and not to persist in running your head against a wall. Our Edward is a youth of great natural abilities. If you will permit them to be properly developed, both you and the world will one day have cause to rejoice. I am sure I have the greatest regard for our business, seeing that I have grown rich by its means; and nothing would have given me greater satisfaction than for our son, at some future time, to have undertaken the duties of its management. But you can't force any one to be a hatter against his will."

Raising himself to his full height, and stamping on the ground, Herr Grandidier cried,—

"As long as the professor was speaking I was silent, for he understands nothing about the matter."

"I beg your pardon again," softly remonstrated the professor.

"Will you let me finish what I have to say?" said Herr Grandidier, cutting him short. Then turning to his wife he con-

tinued: "It is the same to me whether *he* says anything or not; but when *you* chatter such nonsense, I can stand it no longer. You have grown up in the business, and know me well enough by this time, therefore, to be aware that I will not be dictated to by any one, least of all by my son. He is destined for a hatter, and a hatter he shall be."

"But I tell you, knowing my son's character as well as I do, he never will be one; and when you go on storming and raving—"

"I suppose you'll be forbidding me to speak in my own house next? Things haven't yet come to that pass, madame. I tell you he *shall* be a hatter, or—*sacré nom de Dieu!*"

When the old Huguenot made use of this expression, Madame Louisa Dorothea knew what it meant. "Grandidier!" she implored; and as that had no effect, "Shorsh!"² cried she coaxingly—for on momentous occasions like the present he

² I.e. George (French).

no longer listened when she spoke German, and she believed her only way of attracting his attention was by addressing him in French.

But even this proof of affection was completely lost upon him.

"My name is not 'Shorsh!'" he exclaimed; "my name is George—George Grandidier; *his* will is law here; and what he says, he will also carry out."

With this concluding remark he slammed the door, leaving behind him the pair whom he looked upon as the cause of the mischief; and calling to his son, who had all this time been sitting in the adjoining room, as if the affair concerned him but little, he said,—

"*Allons!* let us go to the factory!"

And to the factory Edward went, just as he did formerly, when his father had marched him in by the ear—only with this difference, that now he did not quit it again quite so soon. He did his work there; completed his term of military service when the time arrived, and fulfilled

his duty in every respect, but became withal ever more silent and reserved, and a deep melancholy took possession of him.

It almost broke his mother's heart to see him thus ; to his father he was a source of permanent vexation, and he found but little sympathy in the families of his sisters. Truly the demon of discord had taken up his abode in the house of the Grandidiers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COLONEL AND HIS MEN COME UPON THE
SCENE.

To all appearance everything remained as of old, and yet much was changed. All performed their daily tasks as usual, but no one now did so, with any satisfaction to themselves—neither Herr Grandidier, nor his wife, nor yet Edward. Even their old servant Knüppel, who had formerly been man-of-all-work, and had come to be looked upon almost as part of the goods and chattels of the establishment ever since the time when the business was still small and unpretending, often gazed wistfully and in silence at his old jacket, which he had lately discarded for a livery coat. He detested his livery, and found himself perpetually in difficulties with it,

especially the sleeves, which seemed always either too long or too short for him.

"They don't fit me, and I don't fit them," he would say, when the quondam carter Schnellpfeffer quizzed him about them, *he* having soon reconciled himself to *his* coachman's cloak and cape (for summer) and furs (for winter).

"You can believe me or not, Schnellpfeffer, but we never were made for each other."

"H'm," said Schnellpfeffer, who had the best berth at present in the whole house, as no one ever went out driving, and all treated him with due respect since his promotion. "You'll soon get used to them," he added, at the same time blowing a thick cloud from his short pipe. On the porcelain bowl of the latter, encircled by a second, but in this case a *painted* wreath of tobacco smoke, were depicted two hands clasped, with the inscription "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Deeply impressed by the truth of this proverb, Schnellpfeffer had long since chosen for himself that *rôle* which

has never yet betrayed true friendship—he was his own best friend. He took immense care of himself, and submitted with a good grace to the delicate attentions of Friedericke, the cook, not being half so suspicious of female as of male friends. He lounged about at his ease all day long, except when he took his post, in red waistcoat and “leathers,” in front of the stable, smoked the said pipe, and when it was out filled it again, as he sang,—

“ I care not for riches or lands,
When contented I am with my lot.”

He was the most important personage of the Grandidiers' household—quite the gentleman, in fact—and his master treated him with much deference, coupled with a certain degree of timidity or circumspection, so as not to put him out of humour, or expose his own ignorance in matters pertaining to horseflesh; for he understood but little about horses, although they were the objects of his pride. “You'll soon get used to them,” said Schnellpfeffer, smoking on, in full consciousness of his own vast import-

ance. "A man can get accustomed to anything—in time," added he, leaning over the lower half of the stable-door, as if it had given him the greatest trouble in the world to accustom himself to short pipes, doing nothing, and the rest of the pleasures of his calling.

"I suppose I must," answered Knüppel, struggling hurriedly into his livery, which he had in the meantime been brushing. "Coming, coming," cried he as the upstairs bell rang loudly, much louder indeed than usual, for Herr Grandidier treated Knüppel with but scant ceremony.

The cause of the ringing was as follows :—

A horseman had just crossed the Fischerbrücke. Now a man on horseback is not, as a rule, a very unusual object, although in the neighbourhood of Neu Cölln am Wasser it was a sight of somewhat rare occurrence ; for however pleasant this part of Berlin may otherwise be, it certainly cannot be deemed attractive to the fashionable world. But the horseman was not

fashionable either. His steed was a lean, leggy, rough-coated animal, whose heavy paces caused the planks of the bridge to give forth a hollow sound. Originally its colour might perhaps have been brown, but being now long past its prime, its coat, especially the forelock, had acquired from that cause a tinge of grey. The horse was in addition a trifle stiff, which proceeded either from its former calling, or from age, or possibly from both together. It was in fact, a cast trooper. But though advanced in years, and though it had nobly served its country, no grateful days of rest had fallen to its lot. Everywhere its bones stood out, you could count all its ribs, there was a constant trembling over its whole frame, and it pricked up its ears nervously at the slightest sound.

Remarkable, however, as was the steed, the rider was even more so. He wore a hat of such shabby appearance and old-fashioned shape that it at once attracted the attention of Herr Grandidier, who, happening to be at the window, had

watched the stranger as he rode slowly over the bridge. The cavalier seemed, in *his* way, as stiff as the horse he bestrode, for the upper part of his body was upright and motionless; but at each slow and deliberate pace of his gallant charger, his head nodded with equal slowness and deliberation; this caused his hat—which, in addition to its other peculiarities, was too small for him—to nod likewise. A short distance behind followed a man, who by his entire outward appearance was bound to belong to the horse and its rider, for he strode along with the same air of grandeur as the one, and wore a hat only a degree more shabby and old-fashioned than the other. After him trotted a small dog—grey, half-starved and shaggy—in every respect worthy of the other three, whose rear-guard he formed. They moved on in this order; but imagine Herr Grandidier's astonishment when he perceived that they were directing their steps towards his house. On reaching it, all four halted at exactly

the same relative distance from each other as they had come.

A crowd of idlers soon assembled; this, however, did not cause the horseman the slightest embarrassment. Reining in his steed, he first looked for the number of the house, and then feeling in his breast-pocket, he drew forth a sheet of paper, read what was written on it, and then called out with a loud voice: "Does Herr Grandidier live here—Herr George Grandidier, of Neu Cölln am Wasser, in Berlin?"

"My goodness!" said Herr Grandidier, who was still at the open window, it being a mild afternoon in the beginning of spring, "they have stopped at *my* door." And this was the reason why the bell which had interrupted Knüppel in his chat with Schnellpfeffer, rang so violently.

Before the former could make his appearance, the rider had already dismounted.

Advancing with arms and legs wide apart, and fastening the reins to a ring which hung from the *porte-cochère*, he

walked stiffly and erect to the entrance, where Knüppel, dressed in his livery, already stood awaiting him.

"Announce the colonel" said he in a harsh tone of command to the servant, who was looking at him inquiringly.

"Which colonel?" asked the servant, naturally.

"What's that to you?" answered the unceremonious visitor. "Miserable varlet!" growled he, endeavouring to push by old Knüppel.

But the latter stood his ground, and there is no telling what might have happened, had not Herr Grandidier himself, by good luck, appeared on the stairs.

With clinking spurs, riding-whip in hand, and the little hat perched well forward on his head, the strange visitor blundered rapidly up the carpeted steps, past Herr Grandidier, and walked straight into the sitting room, the door of which stood open. Proceeding at once to the window, he opened it, and without taking any notice of Herr Grandidier, looked

down into the street below, where the crowd of idlers still surrounded his horse, man, and dog.

“Major!” cried he.

“Here, colonel, at your orders,” replied the man, who wore, in addition to the seedy hat, an antique riding-coat, similar to that of his master, only a generation older still.

“Hold the lieutenant, and mind the corporal doesn’t run away.”

“Very good, sir,” answered the major in the riding-coat, whereupon the colonel closed the window.

“*Mon Dieu!*” thought Herr Grandidier, who whilst this was going on had again entered the room; “why a whole regiment is marching into the house—colonel, major, lieutenant, and corporal.”

But in the meanwhile he had only the pleasure of seeing the colonel. The latter, after returning into the centre of the room, took off his hat, laid his riding-whip on a chair, and drew off his gloves, which—whatever might be the condition of the rest of his attire—were of the finest Paris

kid. For the colonel had a decided *penchant* for good gloves and clean linen.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Herr Grandidier?" he asked, making a kind of military salute, but with an air as though *he* were master of the house instead of the other.

Herr Grandidier replied with a silent bow, and now for the first time had a good opportunity of taking a nearer look at his strange visitor.

The latter was a man of about middle age, with a bristly moustache, a red nose, his head thrown back, his chest forward, and a manner as if he were marching to the music of a brass-band, inaudible to all but himself. He wore an olive-green riding-coat with singularly short tails, a brown plush waistcoat, stiff collars of unusual height, and a black cravat of extra width, fastened behind, but so arranged that its little white button was always exposed to view. His linen cuffs and shirt-front were in striking contrast to the rest of his apparel. These were of the

finest quality, and irreproachably clean, as though they were anxious to notify the contrast between the outer and inner man, decidedly to the advantage of the latter; but so stiffly were they starched, that he walked as if encased in armour; and his entire clothing seemed so tight, that it could have been no easy matter for him to move at all, even with the measured gait which was peculiar to him.

"And with whom," said Herr Grandidier, after a pause, "have I the honour?"

"I am the colonel," he answered.

"Retired?" inquired Herr Grandidier further.

The colonel considered for a moment, and then replied,—

"As you please! I am on full pay, and I am also on the retired list. I am no longer in the service, if you use the term in its actual and limited signification. If, however, you refer to the great militia of mankind, then, indeed, I am on duty, ever ready at my post, and if it must be so,

with fire and sword; for I am none of your 'blues,' but a 'red'!"

"Goodness me!" cried Herr Grandidier, retreating a step or two in consternation; and the reader, from sympathy, will doubtless also have felt no little alarm at the description of this formidable individual.

But there was nothing so very dreadful about him after all.

The colonel's real name was Fritz Scharf, and his position that of a retired referendarius;¹ but he had long since thrown up his official post, and the State, to tell the truth, had borne its loss with equanimity. He was a man of strong imagination, and fond of long words, but otherwise harmless and inoffensive; one of those who, at some time or other, have been storm-tossed on the sea of life, and find insurmountable difficulty in again getting into smooth water. He belonged to that rare class of men, who, having themselves experienced misfortunes, cannot exist with-

¹ A young lawyer practising at a court without emolument.

out endeavouring to render others happy. He did not confine himself to the vast and ever-increasing circle of his friends, but he held out the hand of benevolence towards all mankind. He was incessantly travelling in search of oppressed nationalities, whom he assisted in procuring their rights and freedom. So sensitive had his ear become, that he heard distinctly the despairing cry of every oppressed nation, let it be never so far distant, and he would not even have refused his services to his own country. They were not, however, looked upon by the State as particularly formidable. Of so little importance, indeed, was he regarded by the authorities, that when, after the excesses of the year 1848, he had taken flight and gone abroad, this had not in the slightest degree interfered with his being included in the amnesty, and he was accordingly allowed to return as soon as he liked. His patriotic spirit, therefore, found no occupation at home; and some slight dispute with the police, to whom he occasionally refused obedience, or with the

tax-gatherers, when he objected to pay his taxes, was all that he could at present do for his fatherland.

But patience! His time was yet to come.

In the meanwhile, the kind reader will have been convinced that there was no particular cause for alarm in this army—corporal, lieutenant, major, or even colonel—‘red’ though he was!

Herr Grandidier, however, not having had the advantage of the preceding explanation, was not so easily reassured.

“What is your regiment?” he began afresh, when he had in some degree regained his composure; for he thought, whether “red” or “blue,” fire or sword, a colonel must belong to *some* regiment, probably the artillery.

He soon got his answer: “Regiment!” exclaimed the colonel, “I acknowledge no regiment but the will of the sovereign people. That is *my* regiment!”

“Who made you colonel then?” asked Herr Grandidier.

"I myself!" said the colonel, striking his manly breast.

There he spoke the entire truth; his commission proceeded from no one else.

"I will explain," he continued, noticing the astonished look of Herr Grandidier. "My military rank dates from the time when the sovereign people rose in arms. I was then in the National Guard, and—though I am not at all conceited on that score—I knew well enough how to wield a sword! I was; it is true, only a lieutenant; but who can tell to what rank I might have risen, if that pitiful reaction had not taken our arms from our hands, disbanded the National Guard, and sent everything to the devil? Then arose resentment in my spirit, and rage in my heart; and though, yielding to force, I was compelled to deliver up my sword, yet I determined to retain the title of my rank in the National Guard, nay, further, in defiance of the whole party of reaction, I called myself 'colonel,' to annoy them; and as long as one single braggart or swaggerer walks abroad in

Berlin who calls himself 'doctor,' or even 'professor,' without legal right to do so—"

"I suppose you don't refer to—?" interrupted Herr Grandidier, who was thinking about Professor Bestvater.

"I mean nothing but what I say," resumed the colonel, calmly. "As long as one braggart or swaggerer walks the streets of Berlin, who calls himself 'Doctor,' or even 'Professor,' without any right, so long should I like to see the man who dares dispute *my* title either! None of my friends call me anything else; and my enemies, who are likewise the enemies of freedom and the rights of man, shall tremble before that title, as before the charge of disgraceful cowardice and hypocrisy!"

"Sir!" broke in the other; "you are becoming personal—"

"Far from it!" replied the colonel, "I referred to facts, and I mean to stick to them. Alas!" added he, sighing, as he looked down at himself with a melancholy expression, "I and my three followers are the last relics of the Berlin National Guard!

But it is enough; like wandering spirits we are ever present; nor will I disarm or disband my military household, until the day when the sword which has been turned against the people shall be once more raised in their behalf. On that day I will pension the corporal, place the lieutenant and major on half-pay, and will myself retire into private life, as the ex-referendarius Fritz Scharf; but till then I am the 'colonel.' And now, Herr Grandidier, with your permission, we will proceed to the object of my visit."

This was what Herr Grandidier had long been anxious to learn, but it was by no means easy to do so; for the colonel was a man who had time for all things and interest for most. Everything excited his curiosity, and he had no domestic ties—wife, child, business, or cares—to prevent his satisfying it, so that, in fact, he was always travelling, without ever actually attaining his end.

"I have just come back from Paris," he began, after seating himself in a velvet

chair, which Herr Grandidier had offered him. "Do you know," he continued, "I like being in Paris, where I have many friends, though the most intimate of them are not resident there at present. My friends Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, for instance, are in London. My friend, Victor Hugo lives in Guernsey; while my friend Rochefort is residing at Brussels. But they will return; I assure you they will soon return. Louis will depart—Louis will even fly, but *they* will return."

"Louis?" interrupted Herr Grandidier, involuntarily, "I don't understand you."

"Ah! you're joking," continued the colonel, calmly. "Louis with the big moustache. I presume you read *Kladdera-datsch!*"

"Perhaps you mean the Emperor of the French?"

"I mean Louis," said the colonel, persisting in his assertion. "I acknowledge no Emperor of the French. For me there exists no such thing as an emperor, only

* The German *Punch*.

Louis. But his balance-sheet is full; we have already reached the last page."

Herr Grandidier began to find the conversation growing rather unpleasant.

"What has the Emperor of the French to do with either of us?" exclaimed he.

"That you shall learn immediately, my dear sir," replied the colonel, with a kind of triumphant assurance, which contributed but little to make the subject they were discussing, or the conversation itself, more agreeable to the manufacturer of Neu Cölln am Wasser. "He has to do with us both, with you as well as with me. But compose yourself, Herr Grandidier." And tapping the latter, who was seated by his side, familiarly on the shoulder, he continued, "Calm yourself; the day of reckoning is drawing near. But one little stone more needs to be loosened—I am expressing myself figuratively, Herr Grandidier—but one little stone more, and his throne will crumble to pieces, and all will be enveloped in fire and flames."

This was indeed a pleasant prospect for a manufacturer.

"Pray don't interrupt me, Herr Grandidier—in fire and flames," repeated the colonel, as if he ran some great risk by allowing the very slightest doubt to exist respecting the correctness of his assertion. "The ground is undermined; already tongues of flame shoot up aloft, the forerunners of the mighty conflagration, which at no distant period will burst forth and utterly consume that corrupt and villanous crew."

Herr Grandidier shuddered.

"I suppose you have read of the last conspiracy?" inquired the colonel, placing in his left breast-pocket, with great ceremony, his elegant kid-gloves, which till now had been lying on his knees. "Some of my party had invented a new kind of small grenade—hand-grenades, no larger than the marbles with which children play in the streets. Stop a moment!" and he felt with equal ceremony in his right breast-pocket.

“Keep away with your hand-grenades!” exclaimed Herr Grandidier, making a movement as if to rise from his seat.

The colonel tapped his forehead.

“I suppose I must have left them at home,” said he. “Well, no matter; they are excellent grenades, and most certainly would not have failed in their effect had they not, unfortunately, been confiscated. Too soon! Herr Grandidier—undue haste! Many a fine conspiracy has been wrecked from the same cause. The plot was discovered, domiciliary visits instituted, arrests made, rumours of treachery circulated everywhere; the prime mover in the conspiracy, a man justly esteemed by my party, committed suicide, and—Herr Grandidier, be calm—”

But Herr Grandidier was now in a passion, and with indignation depicted in every feature, he cried,—

“I will hear no more. What have your grenades, your traitors, and arrests, to do with *me*?”

But the gallant colonel was not to be intimidated.

“So far, so good,” he continued, going on with his story. “But Louis required a victim, and he found one. This victim was a young man of great promise, happy in the possession of an amiable wife and a charming boy—happy, until he committed the unpardonable folly of making terms with Louis, so far as to accept employment from him. He was, in fact, an official of the public revenue. Well, this young man became in some way, at present unexplained, mixed up with the conspiracy, or at least with the conspirators. A deficiency in his accounts was discovered at the same time as the plot; the young man had laid hands on public money. But how can we blame any one for laying hands on Louis’ property, with a good object in view, so long as the principal culprit, who laid hands on the wealth of France for his own base purposes, remains unpunished? That is the question. However, the tribunal before which he was cited was of a different opinion; it condemned the young man to penal servitude at the Toulon bagnio.”

Herr Grandidier here fairly lost patience. "Sir," cried he angrily, "in the house of the Grandidiers such terms as 'penal servitude' and the 'bagnio' must not even be mentioned."

"And yet the name of the young man whose fate I have been narrating was Grandidier—Alphonse Grandidier."

Herr Grandidier changed colour; his cheeks blanched. He rose from his chair, and after several attempts at speaking, ineffectual, as though from lack of words, he at last said, almost in a whisper: "Have I been dreaming, or did you really utter that name? A Grandidier condemned—to the bagnio?"

"Yes, and at this moment on his way to Toulon," affirmed the colonel, as calmly as before, when speaking of the grenades.

Herr Grandidier walked several times up and down the room; then he stood still; then he walked on again. At length, standing still once more, and grasping the colonel by the hand, he said,—

"I thank you, sir; I thank you, Herr—

Herr—I forget what your name is?—Well, no matter. You have been a stranger to me until now, an utter stranger, but you have rendered me a service, and I thank you for it. You have interested yourself on my behalf.”

“Pray don’t mention it,” interrupted the colonel, who was delighted when he could make himself of use in any transaction—a conspiracy for instance, or the like—which he believed would be conducive to the welfare of mankind.

“You have brought me news,” continued Herr Grandidier, continuing to walk up and down the room, in deep thought, and muttering to himself: “no good news, but news all the same. I could have wished for better, since it is not agreeable to learn that any member of our family has been sent to the bagnio. Alphonse Grandidier, didn’t you say?”

“Alphonse Grandidier,” replied the colonel, who kept continually feeling, by turns, first in the one breast-pocket, to make sure that his gloves were all right,

and then in the other, to ascertain if perchance the grenades were there.

“After all,” said Herr Grandidier, suddenly stopping short in the middle of the room, “family! what is family? What a gulf lies between the two branches! Two hundred years, Paris and Berlin, Germany and France, Catholic and Protestant! Bah! I call *that*, family no longer. But Alphonse—Alphonse Grandidier! the namesake of the unhappy man whose child was stolen from him of old—the brother of the first Grandidier who in those days came to Berlin, and slumbers peacefully, surrounded by his sons, daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, in the French churchyard by the Oranienburg gate. Penal servitude! it is terrible! To lose a son thus is even more terrible than to see him renouncing his faith, in the hands of the monks.” Then again going up to the colonel, he pressed his hand once more, saying,—

“Indeed you have rendered me a great service, although in a sad business.”

"I am most happy that I have been able to do so," answered the colonel, with an expression of satisfaction, as though he was never better pleased than when making known to families their respective disasters and reverses of fortune.

"And the parents?" said Herr Grandidier, after a pause, for he had evidently something on his mind, which seemed as difficult for him to utter as to repress. "I mean," added he, immediately he saw the colonel was about to reply—he evidently wished to ascertain something from him, and yet dreaded to hear it. "You have been in Paris," he at length began afresh; "you know how matters stand there; tell me, is the little house still in existence?"

"What little house?" asked the colonel.

"The house of the Grandidiers, the little old house in the 'cité,' opposite the Palais de Justice, not far from Notre Dame."

"Don't trouble yourself any further," said the colonel, coming to the assistance of Herr Grandidier's memory. "In the 'cité' there are no little old houses remain-

ing; there are only large new ones . . . and the 'cité' itself exists no longer—"

"And the little old Rue du Marché Neuf?" asked Herr Grandidier, with an effort, as though at length he were forced to bring it out.

"I used, once upon a time, to know it well enough," answered the colonel, "but tell me, my dear sir, of what antediluvian period are you speaking? What Paris are you referring to? When were you there last?"

"About eight or nine and twenty years ago," replied Herr Grandidier—and with an expression of sadness in his face, he walked to the window.

The colonel gave a short, dry laugh. "Eight or nine and twenty years!" said he; "that is a long time ago. Since then the little old house has been pulled down, and the little old street too."

"And what stands in their place?" asked Herr Grandidier, musing.

"A barrack and a boulevard. Since that time, the small streets and houses in Paris have disappeared. Louis could make

no use of them. All Paris has been converted into one boulevard and one vast barrack."

Here the colonel seemed ready to lose himself in a political digression.

But Herr Grandidier interrupted him. "It all lives in my memory still, as I last saw it," said he, his back being turned to the colonel; for he was standing at the window, whence his eyes wandered over the river and the buildings on its banks. "I often have said to myself, 'it is so like Paris.' Old Cölln yonder is the 'cité;' and there, where the Spree divides, are the two branches of the Seine; and there are the bridges too, the Pont au Change, the Pont St. Michel. Look yourself, is not the resemblance wonderful? And to think that all is changed—that there is now no Rue du Marché Neuf, and that the house of the Grandidiers exists no longer."

"Well!" exclaimed the colonel, who had as little sympathy with individuals as with houses, "the misfortune can be endured. It was but a tumble-down concern, at the best of times."

"But you *do* not, you *cannot* know," interrupted Herr Grandidier, "how many happy hours I have passed in that house! Yes, indeed, it is long ago! but I shall never forget it,—the unfortunate man of whom you speak could then hardly have been born."

"Hardly," replied the colonel; he is now only five or six and twenty."

"Not much older than my own son," said Herr Grandidier, beginning once more to walk up and down the room. "Alas, how sad! what a misfortune! But the parents? I have already asked you once before respecting his parents!"

"I am sorry to say," said the colonel in reply, shrugging his shoulders, "his parents are dead!"

"Alas! my honest Charles-Louis, and you too, my good Marie-Françoise,—both dead! But better die than live to experience such disgrace. And his other relations?" continued Herr Grandidier, hesitating. "Had the young man no other relatives?"

"His young wife, his little son, and his father-in-law,—one Glöcklin."

On this name being mentioned, Herr Grandidier seemed greatly agitated. Seizing the colonel eagerly by the arm, "Glöcklin did you say? Matthias Glöcklin?"

"I beg your pardon," said the colonel, "Matthieu Glöcklin; the man is from Alsace."

"It's all the same," replied Herr Grandidier. "We used at that time to call him Matthias."

"Yes," answered the colonel, "that was, I suppose, also in the time of the Rue du Marché Neuf. But it was eight or nine and twenty years ago, as you say; and since then the people of Alsace have become good Frenchmen. The man's name is Matthieu, Matthieu Glöcklin."

"It's all one," said Herr Grandidier; "but it is he."

"There is no doubt of it," replied the colonel, "if you mean the same Glöcklin that I do. This one was a native of Strasbourg."

"A native of Strasburg," repeated Herr Grandidier, anxiously, and with ever increasing emotion, "a hatter like myself—"

"Just so," said the colonel in corroboration.

"A manufacturer."

"Only, unfortunately, without a factory," interpolated the other.

But without heeding the interruption, Herr Grandidier continued: "Formerly in Paris, at the same time that I was."

"At that very time," affirmed the colonel; "and not long after, married to a Grandidier—the only sister of Alphonse's father."

Herr Grandidier covered his eyes with his hands, as though to shut out some painful reminiscence of former days. At length, heaving a deep sigh, he cried,—

"It is he!"

"And his daughter Helena afterwards married her cousin, that very Alphonse I have been speaking of. You see the relationship is a two-fold one."

Herr Grandidier made no reply. Tightly clasping his hands, he cried, "Oh Mat-

tias ! my good old friend Matthias ! companion of my early days !—”

“Monsieur Matthieu Glöcklin has told me nothing of all this ; on the contrary—”

“Did he speak of me ?” interrupted Herr Grandidier, his whole countenance beaming with delight. “Did he remember me ? Did he still recollect—?”

“Indeed he did ; but he thought that you had, probably, long since forgotten him ; or if you had not, that you wouldn’t care to hear about him—”

“How could that be possible ?” replied Herr Grandidier.

“There was some disagreement between you—”

Herr Grandidier cast down his eyes.

“That is long since forgotten—a shadow which came with youth, and with youth departed—”

“You are rich, and he is poor—”

“Poor !” exclaimed Herr Grandidier, with every token of genuine sympathy.

“Things could scarcely be worse with him than they are.”

"Is it possible! And I have known nothing of it—"

"He was prosperous enough till Louis came. He had his pretty house at Strasburg, in the little street leading from the Rue du Dôme to the Temple Neuf—"

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" cried Herr Grandidier; "how strange it all sounds! In my time, when I was in Strasburg on my travels, the buildings and streets you speak of had German, not French names—"

"Yes, it has wonderfully changed since then," said the Colonel; "now, they speak only French in Strasburg. But, to cut the story short, Monsieur Matthieu Glöcklin lived happy and contented with his wife, his children, and his hats, till Louis came; then came misfortune also. You must know that in Alsace, especially in Strasburg, they are good republicans, people after my own heart, who never voted *for* Louis, but always boldly *against* him; and Monsieur Matthieu Glöcklin did the same. At the *plebiscite* which after the *coup d'état* confirmed the ten years' presidentship; at

the *plebiscite* which, one year later, proclaimed the president, emperor ; at the communal elections, at the election for the council-general and chamber of deputies, the honest man always voted 'No'. But Louis and his prefect revenged themselves for it ; Glöcklin was persecuted and oppressed in every possible manner ; no loyal person dared buy a hat in his shop ; and the disloyal, you know, haven't many requirements in that way."

Here Herr Grandidier cast a melancholy glance at the shabby hat which the colonel was holding between his knees.

"Well and good," continued the colonel ; "with each successive election, or voting, Monsieur Matthieu Glöcklin's custom fell off ; and when, in the last session, the Strasburgers sent a deputy to the chamber, an honest incorruptible man, a thorn in Louis' side, it almost entirely ceased, and Monsieur Matthieu Glöcklin might as well have closed his shop and his factory too. Adverse fate, however, still pursued him, truly bearing out the words, 'Unto every one that hath

shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' It was in the midst of these hard trials that he had to bear yet another loss—his wife died."

At these words Herr Grandidier trembled violently. "Dead!" said he in a low tone, his voice quivering with emotion—"Rose Grandidier . . . that is . . . what did you say? His wife . . . Rose Glöcklin dead?"

"Did you know her?" asked the colonel, greatly surprised.

"Did I know her?" ejaculated Herr Grandidier, painfully. "No . . . know her . . . oh, Rose Grandidier dead!"

"Well, come," said the colonel, "your acquaintance must have been very long ago . . . as far as I know, it is at least five or six years since Madame Glöcklin's death."

"Five or six years!" repeated Herr Grandidier, almost mechanically, "and I knew nothing of it."

"The misfortunes of his daughter's

husband," continued the colonel, "filled the poor man's cup of bitterness to overflowing. He hastened to Paris, and spared no expense on his son-in-law's behalf; but in vain. The trial and the costs of the defence swallowed up the last of Glöcklin's property, and there I met him—poor, helpless, destitute, ruined, . . . a beggar."

"And was it then that he remembered me?" pursued Herr Grandidier, with intense interest.

"It was then he mentioned your name!"

"Honest Matthias! God bless him for it!"

"Ah, cried I then," narrated the colonel further, "Herr George Grandidier of Berlin! my friend, George Grandidier."

In the midst of his distress, in the midst of all the varied feelings which stirred the inmost recesses of his heart, Herr Grandidier gazed with a look of surprise at this singular man, of whose existence even, up to this afternoon, he had not had the smallest suspicion, to say nothing of ever having seen, known, or spoken to him.

Still this did not prevent the colonel continuing: "My friend, George Grandidier—ah! I will have a talk with him, as soon as I return to Berlin. He is certainly only a humble tradesman—"

Anger at what he now heard struggled, in Herr Grandidier's breast, with a strange liking for the whimsical personage who had so quickly won his heart, and who was apparently so well acquainted with things and persons whose memory he still fondly cherished.

Yet the one troubled the colonel as little as the other. "A humble tradesman," he continued; "but in spite of that, one who is open to reason. He will never desert his old friend in his hour of need."

"No," cried he whom the colonel had termed a humble tradesman, "that he will not—by heavens he will not, so sure as his name is Grandidier! Here is my hand upon it!" and heartily shaking the colonel's proffered hand, he continued,—

"And if I have not till now had the honour of being a friend of yours, I will

be one from this time forward; for that man is indeed my friend, who gives me the opportunity of doing a good action and of effacing a dark spot from the past."

CHAPTER V.

THE COLONEL AND HIS FOLLOWERS ENJOY HERR
GRANDIDIER'S HOSPITALITY.

"WELL! but you must stay and have dinner with us," said Herr Grandidier, as the colonel made a movement as though he were about to take leave. "You really *must*. After what you have just been telling me I should miss your presence greatly; *do* stay. You will oblige me more than I can tell you, by remaining to dine."

The colonel had no objection to urge against dinner. He was indeed a moderate man, in every sense of the word; abstemious both in eating and drinking, and content with little; but even an abstemious person must eat.

“Very well,” said the colonel, approaching the window; “but I am not alone.”

Thereupon he looked down, with a glance of solicitude, into the street below, where his horse, dog, and servant were still standing sociably together—the lieutenant, with drooping head, apparently lost in thought, and placing by turns, first his off, then his near fore-foot on the pavement in front of him; the corporal wagging his little stump of a tail in a melancholy manner; and the major watching his charge with the greatest attention. The crowd of inquisitive idlers had dispersed—for the world is so constituted, that even the most interesting circumstance ceases to amuse, when it loses the charm of novelty, and, besides, it was beginning to grow dark. The group had only one spectator left, namely, Schnellpfeffer, who for a change was now leaning against the side of the *porte-cochère*, instead of on the stable door, and gazing with an amused expression at the three.

Herr Grandidier was always most hos-

pitably inclined, but he entertained some doubts as to how his coachman, Schnellpfeffer, would regard the case, and with an air of indecision he put his head out of the window.

But Schnellpfeffer had already taken a fancy to the poverty-stricken crew. The three melancholy figures amused him, and he smiled as he smoked his pipe complacently in the twilight.

"It won't do the old crock any harm to put his nose into our stable for a bit," said he, in full consciousness of his position, as Herr Grandidier showed himself at the window.

"Oh, you think not," answered Herr Grandidier, beyond measure rejoiced to find his coachman in such good humour; "and what about the other two?"

"Well!" replied Schnellpfeffer, raising himself from his comfortable position, "I suppose they all belong together, and what heaven has brought together let not man put asunder; besides, it would be a pity to part them, for it's worth anything to see them together."

He then tipped the major a wink, on which the latter untied the lieutenant's reins, whistled to the corporal, and followed the coachman.

"What's your real name?" asked Schnellpfeffer, leading the way through the dark entrance into the courtyard—he well in advance, and with his left hand in his waistcoat pocket.

"My proper name is Bollermann, though my master always says 'Major' to me; but *you* may call me Bollermann."

"And what do you call the little cur?"

"He's named 'Roll,' because he always dances with delight, I can tell you, if he only catches sight of a roll or a bit of bread. But the master calls him 'Corporal,' and then he's always down on his luck."

"What a queer lot!" thought Schnellpfeffer, as he directed him, with a condescending movement of his head, to the stable, into which Bollermann led the submissive animal.

Alike insensible to the joys and the cares of this life, the lieutenant at once com-

menced clearing up the few oats which had been left in the manger, and took his place in the stall neither with confidence nor timidity, at a short distance from the other two nags, which, stamping and rattling their rack-chains, received the new comer with loud neighs.

"That'll do," said Schnellpfeffer with a patronizing air; "now follow me;" and stopping for a moment before the door which led to the basement, where numerous pots were steaming away merrily beside the huge fire, "'Rieke," he called out down the stairs, "we have visitors to-day—a horse, a dog, and a man in a riding-coat."

"Have we really?" replied Friederike.

"We've put the horse in the stable, and the dog will look out for himself; but the man is *my* guest. So now, 'Rieke, let's have an extra good supper to-night—a cup of strong soup, and then some cheese, and a bottle of beer at the same time; but don't bring it me flat again; a good bottle of beer ought to be 'up,' when you open it, otherwise it won't do."

Bollermann's eyes opened wider as he heard tell of all these good things.

"Well," exclaimed he, "I *must* say it's a grand house! and you're a grand coachman too!"

His host was not a little pleased at finding himself an object of so much admiration, although he assumed an air of the utmost indifference and *sang-froid*. But thinking to himself, "Just wait a minute, and I'll show you something you don't see every day," he went off all at once to his little room adjoining the stables, and shortly after reappeared, dressed in a long, white cloth coat, piped with red, and wearing a large white cap with a gold band round it.

Schnellpfeffer had promised himself much from his splendid appearance, but his most sanguine expectations were far exceeded in the admiration evinced by Bollermann.

The latter grew pale at the thoughts of the figure he himself cut, with his stubbly moustache, his battered hat, and threadbare coat, on beholding his host in this gorgeous attire.

But Schnellpfeffer, as though quite unconscious of the impression he had made, invited the other to come with him to the servants' hall, the tails of his long white coachman's coat flapping about as he went on in advance.

Bollermann remained standing on the top step of the little staircase.

"I say," cried he to the coachman, who was striding on in front, and now turned round with dignified demeanour, so that all his magnificence could once more be seen, "wouldn't you like me to call you *Mr.* Schnellpfeffer?"

To which the latter, turning round again, replied,—

"I usually am called *Mr.*, but I don't mind allowing *you* to call me plain Schnellpfeffer."

Arrived below—for the little stairs led down to the servants' hall—they both took their seats at the festive board; and the coachman, to enhance the solemnity of the occasion, still kept on his cap with the gold band.

Poor Knüppel was not quite so lucky that evening, for the whole family was expected, and duly arrived one after another—first the kanzleirath and his wife, then Herr and Madame Süchier; and lastly Professor Bestvater, who had not been invited at all, put in an appearance just as if he could scent out a good dinner all across Berlin. Now Knüppel, though in general good-natured enough, hated Professor Bestvater, heart and soul. He grudged him the very chair he sat on, and every morsel that entered his mouth. In his opinion he was a stingy wretch, who would lead the conversation in great style upstairs, but below, when a *douceur* was in question, would get out of it with the excuse, "I'm very sorry, Knüppel, but I have no small change about me." On one occasion, however, he had slipped a bright coin into his hand, which honest old Knüppel was unwilling to take, thinking it was a piece of gold, on which the professor said, "Keep it, Knüppel, keep it." But when the latter came to look at it in the light, it was only a bright new farthing!

About the same time that Schnellpfeffer had succeeded in making his guest thoroughly comfortable, Herr Grandidier requested *his* to come into the front room, where, meanwhile, the lamps had been lighted.

He opened the door of a large apartment, which received its light through the half-open door of the one adjoining. This was the drawing-room, and being the handsomest room in the house, was rarely if ever used. It was most elegantly furnished, but no one was ever known to have seen of what colour, shape, or fashion the chairs and sofas were, much less to have sat in them. Chairs, lounges, arm-chairs, couches, settees, and sofas, nay even the very sofa-cushions and foot-stools, were all concealed from view by stiff, harsh linen covers, their black extremities being alone visible, and these stood out in relief, with an air of inhospitable defiance. The bronze and gilt chandelier was covered with gauze; the gilt frames of the mirrors with white tulle, the tops of the tables with oil-baize;

and even the carpeted floor itself was partially hidden, in addition to all this, by narrow strips of linen, like paths, on which you were supposed to cross the room.

Along one of these strips of linen Herr Grandidier led his visitor, the clink of whose spurs made an unwonted sound in this large half-lighted room, and prepared the guests, who were assembled in the one beyond, for his approach. Nevertheless, they were not a little astonished when Herr Grandidier threw open the door, with the liveliest manifestations of pleasure, and the man with the clinking spurs entered, his olive-green riding-coat, brown plush waistcoat, moustache and red nose, not making the most favourable impression in the world, as he came in full view of the company.

The hostess was seated in a comfortable brown leather arm-chair, her two daughters—a pair of pretty, buxom young women—being on her right and left, whilst their husbands—the kanzleirath, a thin, dried-up-looking government official, and

Herr Süchier, a stout, jovial man-of-business, of about the middle height—were standing engrossed in conversation with Professor Bestvater, who was entertaining them with all the fashionable news of the city.

Madame Grandidier rose from her chair, as the two entered the apartment, arm in arm, and every eye was at once turned towards the colonel, the most varied sensations being depicted on the several countenances of those present.

"I seem to know his face," whispered the kanzleirath; "I am sure I have seen that nose somewhere or other;" adding in a somewhat doubtful voice, "I am very much mistaken if he is not a democrat."

"A demagogue, you mean," said the professor, looking round anxiously for a safe line of retreat, from which, however, he found himself cut off, for he was standing by the stove; "yes, that he is, and of the very worst description too."

"Now *I* am rather taken with the man," said Herr Süchier, in a low tone; "and I

can the more freely admit it, as there is no fear of our wives falling in love with him;" and he accompanied his *sotto voce* utterance, with a good-humoured laugh.

"Don't be too sure, Herr Süchier," exclaimed the professor in a melancholy voice; "nothing is sacred to that man. I know him; he is a republican, an atheist, a Don Juan. He is a dangerous character, and I can't make out how Herr Grandidier—"

Herr Grandidier conducted his guest into the middle of the room, and there stood still.

"You see this gentleman," he cried, with a return of good spirits, such as they had not witnessed in him for many a day; for in fact the moroseness which had been the result of the bad terms he was on with his son, kept gaining greater ascendancy over him the longer it lasted. But now he was all at once again the cheerful, chatty Herr Grandidier of old, as confidentially tapping the Colonel on the shoulder, he continued,—

"A most estimable gentleman—Herr—Herr—" He wished to introduce him to the company, but finding the name had escaped his memory, "Herr — Herr —" he repeated looking inquiringly towards him.

The colonel gazed around with as much *sang-froid* as if he had been for years a member of the family.

"Ah," he cried, approaching Madame Louisa Dorothea, and holding out his hand, "the worthy spouse of my friend Grandidier."

"Sir, you are heartily welcome," said she, but without knowing whom she was greeting so cordially.

"And these ladies are your amiable —"

"Allow me to present to you," interrupted Madame Grandidier, "my eldest daughter Lottchen, Madame Kanzleirath, my second daughter Bertha, Madame Süchier."

The colonel, if somewhat stiff and awkward in his manners, was far too self-possessed to remain long a stranger in any

company. Herr Süchier, whose heart he had won at his first appearance, met him with a like freedom from embarrassment as the latter advanced, and shaking him by the hand, exclaimed,—

“Delighted to have the pleasure—delighted, I’m sure.”

The kanzleirath was of a more cautious nature, which arose probably from a sense of the dignity of his position as an official of the Prussian State, which he represented at this house.

He made a most formal bow, which, however, the colonel did not allow to pass without notice.

“We have met before, I think,” cried he, in the loud tone of voice, which was peculiar to him. “Were you not formerly a clerk?”

“A kanzlist, I beg your pardon,” said the kanzleirath, hastening to correct him—“a geheimer kanzlist.”

“Yes,” said the colonel, “but before that, I mean. Were you not a clerk in the seventh section?”

The kanzleirath began to feel hot and cold alternately, for the seventh section, as is well known, is the criminal department for political offences.

"Oh that's *very* long ago," said he, apparently remembering. "I was then quite a young man; it was in the year '48—"

"Quite right," exclaimed the colonel, in a triumphant voice. "At that time you had me in a dilemma."

"Why surely you're not—?" inquired the kanzleirath, in a paroxysm of horror—for he now recognized the red nose, although formerly it used not to look quite so red, though far more saucy.

"Indeed I am—"

"You—"

"I struck a policeman—"

"Number 104, at the corner of Ober-wall-strasse."

"The fellow—"

"Be so good as to observe—" broke in the kanzleirath indignantly.

"Who refused to salute the standard of

the university as it was carried past," continued the colonel, who would not allow himself to be interrupted, "received from this very hand a sound box on the ear." And he looked triumphantly round the room, to reap the applause that this memorable deed, in his opinion, richly deserved.

Herr Söchier, however, alone smiled his approval.

"I should have done it myself, had I been in your place," said he.

"You were, I remember, set at liberty, as it was shown you had called out that the guardian of the law deserved to have his ears boxed, though it could not be proved that you had actually done it. And then came a wild mob—"

"The sovereign people backed me up," said the colonel coolly; "and I hope they will ever do the same."

"He is only romancing about the box on the ear," whispered the kanzleirath, turning to the professor; "he is only romancing, you may rely upon it. *He*

isn't the sort of man to box a policeman's ears."

"But he is an arch-traitor nevertheless," replied the professor, who kept getting paler at each advance the colonel made in the good graces of the company—for he knew the colonel well enough, if none of the others did. He was afraid of him, into the bargain, and cursed the hour that brought him to this house.

But that availed him little, for his turn soon came also.

"You gentlemen, I presume, are already acquainted?" inquired Herr Grandidier.

"I have not the honour," stammered the professor.

"I beg your pardon," answered the colonel; "the honour of not being acquainted with *you* is entirely on *my* side. You are the 'professor,' and I am the 'colonel'—that is enough for us both."

"Be so good as to observe," said the kanzleirath to the professor, "there is a paragraph in the penal code, which applies to people who appropriate titles to which

they have in
the paragraph

But the
uneasy.

"Never :

Turning
towards the
a short, dark

"My re-
late refer-
strasse, B.
book, number

"He's

Süchier,
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colonel,
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she can
one."

On the
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house were seated.

g and chuckling, he

where the daughters of the

"This is, I presume, Madame Lottchen."

"Be so good as to observe—" said the kanzleirath, from a distant corner of the room, resenting the familiarity and clearing his throat.

"No," said cheery Herr Söchier, scarce able to restrain his laughter, "Lottchen is worshipful Madame Kanzleirath; *my* wife is called Bertha."

There was, in fact, a great difference between the two sisters. Madame Kanzleirath had acquired somewhat of the dignity of her husband, while Madame Söchier, with her dark brown eyes, looked cheerfully and impartially on the world in general, and was as merry as her husband.

But the gallant colonel received the information with extreme composure.

"Madame Lottchen and Madame Bertha!" said he, sitting down beside them—for in addition to his other peculiarities, he never called the ladies of his acquaintance by their family names, but invariably by their baptismal ones—and he was soon in the midst of a most lively conversation with Madame Söchier, during which the

austere Madame Kanzleirath could not help smiling from time to time, though of course with due regard to her dignity.

This room also was fitted up with a luxury which substantial wealth alone can afford: the tables were of polished rose-wood, and the curtains and portières of the finest material; the chairs were upholstered in thick blue damask, with numerous tassels and tufts, interspersed with gold thread, but the majority had formal straight backs; and all were provided with square, white, knitted antimacassars, the handiwork of indefatigable Madame Louisa Dorothea. On the walls, which were covered with costly leather hangings, were suspended, in handsome gilt frames, portraits of all the Prussian sovereigns, commencing with the Great Elector; and this latter picture was adorned with a wreath of bay, which was exchanged every year, on the 29th October, for a fresh one.

The conversation—at least that in which the colonel, Herr and Madame Süchier, were engaged—was in full swing, when

the door was softly, almost timidly opened, and Edward entered. He had grown into a strikingly handsome young man, but depressed and downcast in manner, and without any of the spirit and animation natural to his years. His face showed traces of premature care, which perhaps only enhanced its attractive expression, as he regarded everything with an entire absence of interest. Scarcely, however, had he entered the room, when the colonel, rising quickly from his seat, advanced to meet him, exclaiming,—

“Well, I declare! if it isn’t my excellent young friend!”

Edward started, and flushing crimson stammered a few embarrassed words, as he struggled to compose himself and resume his former demeanour; but a ray, as it were, of gladness still lingered on his features.

“Well, my young friend, how does the painting progress?” inquired the colonel, in his loudest tones.

Such a speech, and in this house too, fell

like a thunderbolt, and all appeared more or less affected by it.

The colonel was the first to break the painful silence.

"I hope you haven't given it up," cried he, almost angrily; and assuming an air of solemn gravity, he continued,—

"Listen! Herr Grandidier. I'm not a very bad judge, and I understand that sort of thing tolerably well. I can assure you that in this young man are the makings of an artist of the highest order—of the very highest."

Here Herr Grandidier's anger again burst forth.

"This young man is a manufacturer," said he, "and I will not for one moment listen to the suggestion of his becoming an artist."

But the colonel was as little afraid of Herr Grandidier as of any one else.

"Why not?" he replied. "And besides, whether you like it or not, the matter is no longer under your control."

"It's no longer under my control?" cried Herr Grandidier, in a rage.

"No, my dear sir," answered the colonel calmly, "it has outgrown your authority."

"And how do *you* come to know him then?"

"How could I help knowing him, my talented—nay, more, my genial young friend! Haven't I met him often enough at Samuel Fränkel's?"

"Samuel Fränkel!" exclaimed Herr Grandidier, thoroughly exasperated. "Isn't that the old-clothes man of the Cöllnische Fisch-markt? How came my son in *his* house?"

"Pardon me, Herr Grandidier," replied the colonel, "Samuel Fränkel is no old-clothes man, he is an honest tradesman, with a well-assorted warehouse, and has for years been my purveyor for hats, riding-coats, and plush waistcoats; indeed he has something to say to everything that I wear."

"Any one can see that plain enough," said Herr Grandidier, with a contemptuous glance at the colonel's wardrobe. "I could have guessed it without much trouble!"

But if it was difficult to put the colonel out of countenance, it was harder still to affront him. He scarcely ever took anything amiss; and even if he did happen now and then to do so, forgot it again directly.

"I beg you will say nothing against my friend Samuel Fränkel!" he continued. "And as regards how the young man came to be at his house, nothing is more simple; he used to study painting there."

"But Samuel Fränkel is, to the best of my belief, a tradesman, not an artist."

"That's true enough; but an artist resides in his house, and from him your son took lessons."

"What!" cried Herr Grandidier, with a palpable outburst of passion; "has he deceived me? Has he taken lessons in painting behind my back?"

"Father!" said Edward in imploring accents, and clasping both hands together, "forgive me! I have only done so in my leisure time!"

But with a menacing look his father raised his hand, and there is no telling to

what extreme measures he might, in his excitement, have resorted, had not old Knüppel at that very moment entered the room, with the announcement—

“Dinner is on the table!”

CHAPTER VI.

THE DINNER-PARTY—HERR GRANDIDIER TELLS
A STORY.

AFTER this scene, Herr Grandidier's guests entertained no very hopeful anticipations with respect to the future conviviality of the evening. They had grown accustomed to the painful relations existing between father and son; but they consoled themselves by thinking that in every family, more or less, some topic or other exists which ought to be carefully avoided, and to which no allusion should ever be made. It did not occur to any one to interfere actively; some lacked the discrimination, others the energy; and all were deficient in the courage to contradict Herr Grandidier. They remained satisfied with feeble attempts, which left matters worse instead of

better; whilst the only result was, if not actually to prove Herr Grandidier in the right, at all events to leave him under the impression that he was so. Edward stood at length quite alone, and isolated from the rest of his family; an estrangement had arisen between him and them. His mother was the solitary exception. She alone understood the feelings of her son, his cares and trials, although she knew not their origin. She was aware her son was unhappy, and loved him only the more tenderly on that account. The others assumed the semblance of believing that all was as it should be, which certainly was the most convenient course to pursue under the circumstances.

But a scene like the one just described necessarily dissipated these pleasant illusions, and gave rise for the time to a general feeling of uneasiness, which, particularly just as they were going to dinner, occurred precisely at the most inopportune moment. But the dining-room door stood open, and they could perceive through it the glitter of

silver, and the sparkle of glass and porcelain on the snow-white damask table-cloth. The lights in the chandelier were burning brightly, and, happen what may, the duties of the evening had, for better or worse, to be fulfilled. Silently, and with an expression of sympathy in keeping with the melancholy occasion, the solemn-looking official of the Prussian State offered his arm to his mother-in-law; Herr Süchier vainly racked his brain for some subject of conversation, to dispel the clouds which had so suddenly arisen; and the professor made an awkward attempt to restore the former convivial tone of the evening, by offering his arm, with a bow, to Herr Grandidier. But the latter exclaimed, "You had better play your stupid jokes upon some one else;" for he always treated the professor with scant ceremony.

But wherever the colonel was, no one could be long in bad humour. Either *it* took its departure, or else *he* did; but generally the former. He had an extremely simple plan of action, viz., he ignored its

existence ; not from bad manners, or any want of politeness, but simply because he really did not observe it. He had, moreover, not the faintest suspicion of the obligation all present were under, of appearing more distressed than they actually were. "Madame Bertha," he exclaimed in his most engaging manner, and breaking the oppressive silence that was weighing upon everybody's spirits, "I presume you don't intend to sit here all the evening?"

Good, merry Madame Bertha did not exactly know at this moment whether to laugh or cry, and looked towards her husband in embarrassment.

He, being only too delighted once more to hear a human voice, hazarded a low titter, and then with a most limited amount of cheerfulness, said, "She hasn't the remotest intention of it, I can tell you. She has always contrived, since she was a girl of nineteen, never to be a 'wall-flower.'"

The joke was too good for Herr Süchier not to laugh outright, although it was of his own manufacture ; yet he was so deeply

impressed by the awkwardness of this outburst, that he instantly relapsed into silence.

A loud, hearty laugh, nevertheless, has a power peculiarly its own when it proceeds from the breast of a jovial, good-natured man like Herr Süchier.

It could not be recalled, however, although Madame Lottchen, to whom in the meanwhile the professor had offered his arm and escort, gave him a reproving glance, and he had already taken himself sharply to task for this breach of good manners.

But the colonel had no liking for such delicate changes of temperature.

Madame Bertha rose—though as yet undecided, since she had to go into dinner, whether it would be more becoming in her to eat or to abstain. The colonel, however, settled the point.

“Madame Bertha,” said he, “if you had only half my appetite, you wouldn’t take so long making up your mind.”

“He is right,” murmured Herr Süchier, fully determined to laugh no more. “He

is speaking the truth, and no mistake!" and he joined the general movement towards the dining-room.

No one thought about Edward, who, slowly following the rest, brought up the rear. No trace of emotion in his face betrayed what was passing within him; not the slightest sign of regret or defiance showed that he considered himself to blame for the late unpleasant occurrence, or even that it had made the smallest impression upon him. On the disappearance of the transient colour from his pale cheeks and the rapidly vanishing flash from his dark eyes, which his father's severity had called forth, he had again relapsed into his former attitude of indifference.

The colonel, on reaching with his partner the threshold of the dining-room, stood still for a minute. "Oh!" cried he, slowly turning his head in all directions, "this is a beautiful room! My friend Raschid Pacha, at Damascus, could not wish for a more luxurious one."

He was right. It was not only a

beautiful, but also a remarkable room, oval in form, of strange antique beauty, and was called the Turkish Room. During the previous century, in the time of Frederick William the Second, when it still belonged to a nobleman, the house had once been inhabited by a Turkish ambassador; but that was a long time since, when there were not so many palaces in Berlin, and fewer factories at Neu Colln am Wasser.

The present owner had spared no expense in restoring this room, after it had been cleansed from the *débris* and rubbish of years, to almost its former grandeur. The vast, flat, vaulted ceiling was covered entirely with thick Venetian mirrors, in excellent preservation, some of which had been joined together with fresh silver decorations. The walls were draped with a brownish-red material, embroidered with silver, which had been copied from the original by Grandidier's orders. Lamps depended from the ceiling near the walls, and in the centre was a chande-

lier, embellished with various kinds of crescents and countless little stars, in crystal. Coloured curtains of the same description as the hangings of the walls terminated the oval shape of the room; at the windows and in the recesses were ottomans, only slightly raised above the level of the floor,

No wonder that the professor had a great predilection for the Turkish Room, especially as it at present belonged to a Christian owner, whom the Koran neither imposed restrictions upon, in the selection of the viands, nor forbade the use of wine, and who accordingly was wont to place the best of both before his guests. But on this occasion the professor felt out of sorts, and disconcerted at the presence of the colonel.

The latter, on the contrary, became every moment in higher spirits. "I feel quite at home here," cried he, seating himself by the side of his fair neighbour. "I feel as if I were in the East." And he then began, whilst Knüppel was handing

round the oysters, to boast how his friends Pacha So-and-so and Vizier So-and-so had placed at his disposal ten camels, fifty soldiers, and a hundred slaves, during his stay in the districts they governed; and how the Sultan himself, the 'commander of the faithful' had pressed his hand at his departure, and said, "If my friend the colonel would only remain here, all the East would soon wear quite another aspect!"

After swallowing a few oysters, and drinking half a glass of St. Peray, he continued: "Yes, they are tyrants indeed, like those we read of in the Old Testament. When they have money they spend it like King Solomon, and when they have none they send out task-masters like King Pharoah. Truly there was work enough for me there, and for others of my way of thinking. But I could not remain, and the Sultan said, 'Dear colonel,' said he, 'you are quite right! What need is there for me to rack my brains about my people and my country? We will not anticipate

Europe. Sorrow and distress will come when Allah sends them; and then, I feel sure, I may rely upon you, my old friend.' We then parted; and I could have had the order of Osmanié, if I had wished, set in brilliants too, in addition. But a toy of this sort is not befitting for a man of my democratic principles. Perhaps *you* would like it, Herr Kanzleirath?" added he, across the table, turning towards the worthy official.

The latter flushed up to the eyes; the mere mention of a decoration made his heart beat.

"Joking apart," continued the colonel, seriously, "you have only to say the word. I will write to my friend, the Sirdar Ekrem, and it shall be yours."

The withered-looking kanzleirath fairly beamed with pleasure and hope. An order! The object of his ambition—the silent longing he had cherished for years, in his, as yet, undecorated breast. He was scarcely able to repress a smile of delight and pleasure.

"You shall have it, if you say the word," repeated the colonel, feeling in his breast-pocket, as if searching for something. It was only a memorandum-book, a much-worn little article, bound in red—probably to indicate the colours of its owner. "Very good," he began, placing his pencil to his lips, "the order of Osmanié—;" then breaking off again: "With brilliants, or without?"

"Oh!" replied the kanzleirath with beating heart, "I don't care about the brilliants—"

"So much the better," said the colonel, continuing to write; "you shall have it; it shall be yours. My friend the Sirdar Ekrem will keep the diamonds, and you shall have the order. That will be a good turn to both." Then replacing the pencil in his waistcoat-, and the note-book in his coat-pocket, he said,—

"The affair is settled."

Thus the colonel had won the kanzleirath's heart also. "Your good health," said the latter, raising his glass, and

bowing politely to the bestower of decorations, "even should your undertaking not be successful."

"But it *will* be successful," replied the colonel. "Let us say no more about it."

"I only wish to observe—"

However, what he was going to observe was lost in the renewed clatter of plates, for Knüppel had handed round the *pièce de résistance*.

Old Knüppel had to-day performed his duties with a certain sullenness of manner. To begin with, it was vexatious to be obliged to behold the stranger, who had previously treated him in such an off-hand manner, an honoured guest at his master's table, and to have to wait upon him accordingly. But when a servant waits at table, he has also ears to hear, and eyes to see with, although he must make it appear as if chairs only are present, instead of people who sit on them, as far as he is concerned. When they make jokes he must not laugh, and when they converse on the most interesting topics, he must not seem curious.

Though old Knüppel had found it almost as hard to shake into the routine of his present service, as to get accustomed to the livery for which he had been forced to exchange the comfortable jacket he had worn in former years, yet he was sharp enough ; and as time went on, he felt a certain satisfaction in observing that the unceremonious individual in the riding-coat, who on first arrival had nearly thrown him down, was just the very man to keep the professor in check, and on this account, he began almost to like him.

The professor, on his part, felt that he must do something to render his tottering position secure, and that now the moment had arrived. Accordingly, tapping his glass with the back of his knife to obtain a hearing, he rose with his accustomed smile. First he looked thoughtfully down at the foaming beverage, then turning his countenance upwards he began :—

“This glass divine
Of sparkling wine—”

But alas ! confidence and assurance,

those first conditions of all success, were absent. He felt ever and anon, he knew not why, compelled to fix his gaze on the colonel's red nose, and this red nose was fatal to his eloquence. He hesitated—such a thing had never before occurred to him. Yet the matter was of the utmost importance; he must restrain his feelings, compose and collect his thoughts. He ought not to expose himself thus to ridicule—not now—not here, at least. It was a question almost of life and death. Therefore he began afresh, in his liveliest manner :—

“ This glass divine
Of sparkling wine,
I here incline—”

But now it was really all over with him. Every spark of poetic inspiration vanished; the whole company, the room, the crests, the stars, Knüppel, and the entire firmament of mirrors, appeared to whirl round—the only fixed point in this chaos being the colonel's red nose, which was steadily turned towards him, ever unmoved and inexorable. He could make no further

progress, and came to a complete standstill, which resulted in that distressing sense of uneasiness which at such times invariably takes possession of an audience, as though each one of them felt answerable for the failure.

The colonel, whose nasal organ was the innocent cause of all this complication, was again the first to break silence; not from presence of mind, but really because he was fond of talking, and therefore grateful for any and every occasion when he could have the conversation all to himself.

“Stuff and nonsense!” cried he, rising likewise; and standing opposite to the professor, who was still endeavouring to proceed with his toast, he recited as follows:—

“Thy cheek is so pale,
I fear thou wilt fail:
For sparkling champagne,
All praises are vain:
Sit down, then, I pray,
And abandon thy lay!”

“Capital! capital! I always said he

was a first-rate fellow!" cried Herr Sùchier, slapping his knees with delight; whilst the colonel, in the same dry, comical manner which characterized all his movements, raised his glass to his lips, and slowly emptied it.

The professor, however, did not take this interference so calmly. "Sir," exclaimed he, turning to the colonel, "this kind of behaviour may perhaps be considered good manners at Samuel Fränkel's; but here, in the company of refined ladies and gentlemen—"

"Samuel Fränkel is an honourable man," rejoined the colonel, whom indeed it was difficult to offend personally, but who permitted no one to disparage his friends.

"He deals in old clothes," said the professor, with a sneer.

"In the first place, that is not true," replied the colonel, "and in the next, second-hand clothes make a better stock-in-trade than broken-down verses."

"Herr Grandidier," cried the professor, wounded in his most vulnerable point, and

turning towards the master of the house, "I presume you didn't invite your guests to have them insulted by a—"

Herr Grandidier, who under the influence of the varied sensations of the evening had hitherto observed the strictest silence, was awakened from his meditations by this appeal. Two emotions had been striving within him for the mastery: renewed bitterness at his son's disobedience, and sad thoughts concerning his former honest and unfortunate comrade Glöcklin.

Whilst old Knüppel had retired to the adjoining room to rub his hands with delight at the professor's discomfiture, and to vow, in silence, eternal friendship to the colonel, Herr Grandidier had scarcely noticed the controversy between the two, and even now attached no great importance to it.

"My good friend," said he, addressing the professor, with a somewhat forced laugh, "I feel sure you're not in earnest. Never mind, nothing is more entertaining at table than a little argument of this sort."

"That's just my opinion," said Herr Süchier, commencing to speak, delighted that as his father-in-law had laughed, he likewise need no longer impose any restraint on himself in this respect. "There is never any harm in what we say at table in joke;" and thereupon he burst out into so hearty a laugh, that the glass trembled in his hand.

"Süchier! Süchier!" exclaimed his wife.

But the former was now in his happiest mood. "Do you object to my liking the colonel?" he said. "Perhaps you're jealous."

"*You* ought to be so," replied the lady, pursing up her pretty lips with an air of defiance.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I am going to invite him to become a visitor at our house, for the future."

"And what would you say if I told you that I had already asked him?"

The colonel sat between the two, as if in Abraham's bosom.

"Bertha has already invited me," said he, wiping his moustache with a napkin,

"and I have accepted." It betokened, in fact, the second and higher grade of his friendship when he called ladies not only by their Christian names, but also without any of the customary prefixes of madame or miss.

"Bertha!" cried Herr Süchier, with another of those outbursts of laughter which made his wife so uneasy; "Bertha! he calls her Bertha. That is good, excellent."

In the meantime, Herr Grandidier, with his eyes cast down, and indifferent as to what was going on, had again become silent. But it was evident that something was actively at work within him; his colour came and went, and now he himself tapped his glass.

Every one looked up, astonished, as the little man at the upper end of the table rose, glass in hand. "I am not usually in the habit of making after-dinner speeches," he began, "I prefer to leave that kind of thing to those who possess the gift and the necessary talent for it, as, for instance,

our much respected friend Professor Bestvater—”

“Sir!” interrupted the latter, “do *you* also mean to insult me?”

But making no reply to the interruption, Herr Grandidier continued :—

“If I, nevertheless, at this time and place make a speech, it is because I am going to tell you a story—a little story of my youth, which the presence of my honoured guest, whom we see among us to-day for the first time—but let me hope it will not be the last—has induced me to relate.”

“Hear! hear!” exclaimed the kanzleirath, who, since Prussia became a constitutional state, had accustomed himself to make use of parliamentary forms of speech, and at times not without success.

Herr Süchier, who was always readier with his glass than with his tongue, contented himself with raising the former, with a slight bow towards the colonel. It was not exactly ‘constitutional,’ but yet it was appropriate.

"My worthy guest, yonder," said Herr Grandidier, continuing his speech, and pointing towards the colonel, "has brought me tidings which, I must confess, have caused me deep emotion. He has brought to my recollection people who once were very dear to me, and events of my youth, which, although long past, have still never ceased to be present here," laying his hand upon his heart. "It is long ago," said he mournfully, "very long ago; before you were born" he added, looking at his two daughters; "when my excellent wife was still Louisa Dorothea Schnockel. It is,—let me see, to-day is the 25th April, 1868,—well, it is nine-and-twenty years ago. At that time, I set out from Berlin, a merry, travelling journeyman, with my knapsack on my back, and my knotted stick in my hand. Yes, my dear children, and honoured guests, I am not ashamed to confess, and you will not be ashamed to hear, that I have been a travelling journeyman. I have suffered hunger and thirst by the way; ay, and I have fought too,"

thereupon making a movement with his hand as if he were still wielding his knotted stick. "A merciful Providence helped me, for all honour be to handicraft, and woe to him who despises the profession he has been born and brought up to."

His little grey eyes flashed as he glanced across the table towards Edward, who, however, remained silent, though he felt as if these words were a reproach to himself."

"My road lay across the Rhine," said Herr Grandidier, resuming the thread of his story. "It was a difficult journey in those days, about the end of the year '39, when there were no railroads. But then the travelling journeyman was also a different man from what he now is; he had to work his way along; and the knowledge he acquired on his travels he learned to make good use of later, in the workshop. You are all aware that yonder, in France, is the old home of the 'French Colony' of Berlin, and that the Grandidiers came originally from Paris, a place I had

longed to see since my boyhood; for our hearts ever cling to old memories and associations. Well, at length I reached that city, and there found some of the French Grandidiers still in existence, as well as the old house in the Rue du Marché Neuf, in which our forefathers lived before the emigration. Those were happy years! happy years."

Herr Grandidier paused, unable to repress his emotion.

"I worked for the great house of Marguillot & Compagnie, whose factory is in Faubourg St. Antoine, and their warehouse, on the Boulevard Poissonnière. I don't know if it is still there, but at that time it was—"

"Yes," cried the colonel, "it is so still to this day. The merchant Marguillot is a rich man, who lives in a palace on the boulevards, while his workmen have to toil for him in the gloomy buildings of his factory. But when the great revolution comes—"

Herr Grandidier waved his hand as if

to pacify the colonel, and continued: "There was working with me in the factory a faithful companion, an Alsatian by birth, from Strasburg. I can almost see him before me as I speak, an honest comrade, a true-hearted friend, stout and squarely built, but a good-looking fellow enough, notwithstanding, with broad shoulders, flaxen hair, and light blue eyes. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, how they used to make sport of him, not the French only, but his own countrymen as well, who came for the most part from near the boundary and from Lorraine. He was a little awkward in his ways, and they used to laugh at the comical manner in which he spoke German. But yet it was the language in which we understood each other best, for he knew scarce a word of French when he left Strasburg, and the French I had learnt at home, from my father, was not of much account either. And we became fast friends. He belonged indeed to France, but he belonged to me also; and when we walked on Sunday

afternoons outside Paris, through the Bois,
and sang, together:—

“ O Strassburg, O Strassburg,
Du wunderschöne stadt ! ”

and

“ Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz ! ”

or some other song in vogue among the German workmen of those days, our hearts and eyes would overflow, and pressing one another's hands we would swear to be friends until death, in pleasure and in pain, in misfortune and in success.”

Herr Grandidier cleared his throat slightly, and then proceeded: “ This was, I think, in the year 1840. At that time there was great excitement in Paris. I can't remember exactly how it happened, but little Thiers, as they called him—”

“ Ah, the little scoundrel ! ” interrupted the colonel; “ *le petit foudriquet* ! the little blue-bottle fly, that made so much noise.”

“ He told the French that they ought to fight—that they ought to have the Rhine again for a boundary, and Louis Philippe, who was then on the throne—”

"With the big umbrella under his arm," interpolated the colonel.

"Yes," answered Herr Grandidier, accepting the colonel's amendment, "I have seen him as you describe, often enough, on the terrace of the Tuilleries, and in the streets too, and on the quays by the Seine—"

"The *bourgeois*! the stocking-weaver!" added the colonel.

"The excitement increased daily, and extended even to our factory. They fetched the corpse of the great Emperor Napoleon from St. Helena, and conveyed it in triumphal procession to the church of the Invalides; and about the same time, his nephew—"

"Badinguet!" cried the colonel, who appeared to have undertaken the rôle of chorus, "Badinguet!"

"Was fished out of the sea, and imprisoned in a fortress."

"But they let the eagle fly away with the bacon," said the colonel, supplementing the story.

"In short, the hurly-burly waxed greater

daily. Paris was then fortified—no one knew why, though all were enthusiastic about it. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*” exclaimed Herr Grandidier, breaking off in his story, “how well I can still remember Mont Valérien, where my friend and I used to sit so often in the summer evenings, looking down on the great city of Paris, which appeared at its best from thence! All at once this was put an end to: for a league round, the hill was enclosed; they dug trenches, built walls; finally, a fort was made and cannon brought there. These preparations seemed to be aimed at us—against the Germans, against Germany, which was as guiltless of the whole affair as a new-born child. Quarrels arose over our work; and when they saw us in the streets they would cry, ‘à bas les Allemands!’ Well, I remember that we—my friend and I—came late one evening to a *cabaret*. He was out of humour, for we had been to the theatre—a little second-rate theatre, at the further end of Boulevard Malesherbes—where we had seen a play in which an Alsatian was made fun

of. They used generally, about that time, at the Paris theatres, to represent any ridiculous part which might occur in the piece by an Alsatian. That annoyed my worthy friend greatly, and he exclaimed, 'I have felt in such a rage the whole evening that I must have something to drink after it.' We then came to the *cabaret*, situated, as far as I remember, in Rue de la Roquette. We had often been there before, and it was, moreover, much frequented by workmen. No sooner were we recognized than they commenced making fun of us. Pretending, however, not to notice them, we had some liquor, and lighted our pipes. But they wouldn't leave off annoying us, and more than once my friend nearly lost his temper. 'It is abominable!' cried he; but I pacified him each time, and prevented his proceeding to extremities. 'I can stand it no longer,' he exclaimed at last; 'let us go.' However, I persuaded him to remain until we had finished our wine, and I controlled my feelings, though my blood was already boiling. But having once pitched upon us

they were intent on giving offence; and finding we were not to be roused by their taunts, one of them jumped up—I can almost see him now in his white blouse—and cried, ‘If they won’t understand it in any other way, we’ll sing it to them,’ and thereupon they commenced,—

“Nous l’avons eu votre Rhin allemand.”

That was too much for me as they sang of the hoofs of their horses stained with our blood, of their mighty emperor who covered our plains with his shadow, of our young maidens who kept fresh in their memory the recollection of our conquerors, even if the men had forgotten them—as they shouted exultingly,—

“S’il est à vous, votre Rhin allemand,
Lavez-y donc votre livrée—”

and contemptuously cast in our teeth that we were but as ravens compared to their eagles. Smiting the table with my fist, and drowning all their din, I cried in my own language,—

“Our Rhine! the free, the German!
Shall ne’er from us be ta’en!
For it the greedy ravens
Shall hoarsely scream in vain!”

Among them were some Alsations, who well understood what I had said, and informed the others. For an instant they were silent with amazement and fury; then all at once they rushed at me, threw me on the ground, and had it not been for my friend would have strangled me outright. He was a match for half-a-dozen of them, with his muscular arms. 'I am indeed an Alsatian,' he cried, felling them to the ground in all directions, 'and I belong to France; but don't dare to use force, don't attempt to compel me.' With his Herculean strength he soon cleared a space around us, and ploughing his way along, surging up and down as though in a raging sea, foaming with fury and gnashing his teeth—I had never seen him like this before—he kept vociferating, 'Don't dare to use force, don't attempt to compel me. You call yourselves Frenchmen, and yet treat me in this scandalous, high-handed manner—me, a son of Alsace! Out with you, out of my way. This man here is my brother, whom I will never abandon nor disown.' We had

by this time gained the street. 'Nor will I ever abandon or disown *you*, my brother !' I exclaimed, 'in the day of need !'—I was saved."

"And who was this noble comrade of yours ? what was his name ?" asked Herr Süchier who with flashing eyes had been intently listening to his father-in-law's story.

"Matthias Glöcklin," said Herr Grandidier.

"Matthieu," interposed the colonel.

"Let me call him Matthias, as I used to do in the days of our youth and friendship—Matthias, faithful companion of my early days—my brother !" and Herr Grandidier looked down thoughtfully for a while, "Quieter times followed ; the excitement in Paris subsided ; hymns of peace were sung where lately warlike songs and shouts of defiance had resounded ; they spoke once again of the fraternity of nations, and as Figaro sings—

'Et tout finit par des chansons.'

Never has the remembrance of Matthias's

courageous conduct vanished from my memory; and here, deep in my heart, it remains fresh as ever, when I think of that night—when I think that at one time it might have ended with *canons*, instead of *chansons*."

"Ah, bah!" broke in the colonel anew, "that time is a good distance off yet! But when once my party is at the helm in France, the reign of eternal peace will commence, in which the only rivalry will be that of labour."

"Let us hope so," replied Herr Grandidier. "We can wish for no happier prospect; and all of us in Paris, believed in it too, at that time, and we lived contentedly together, until—until—" Herr Grandidier had now reached a point in his story beyond which it seemed difficult for him to proceed. He hesitated. At length, regarding his wife with a tender glance of affection, and taking her hand in his, he continued:—

"Well, Matthias took up his residence in Strasburg, and married the daughter of the Paris Grandidier, while I settled in

Berlin, and married my excellent wife Louisa Dorothea. Years passed; I became prosperous; he was unsuccessful. God, and the benefactor of the Grandidiers"—pointing to the portrait of the Great Elector on the wall—"were with *me*; against *him* were France and the ruler of the French people. And to-day the time has come of which I formerly spoke, saying that I would never abandon nor disown him, even as he did not abandon or disown me in the hour of my great need and danger!"

Herr Grandidier ceased.

The ladies of the house, following the example of Madame Louisa Dorothea, had taken out their pocket handkerchiefs and were sobbing and in tears; but the gentlemen rose, and with shouts of 'Long live Matthias Glöcklin! he deserves to be assisted!' clinked their glasses heartily together.

"I am glad to be able to inform you," said Herr Grandidier, who had resumed his seat, "that at this moment the post of

manager in my factory is vacant ; it shall be given to Matthias Glöcklin !

“Bravo ! bravo !” resounded from all sides.

Cigars were now handed round : they smoked, they drank, grace was said, the table cleared ; and the general opinion was that, considering all the stormy scenes which had taken place, the evening had been a very passable one.

Herr Grandidier sat down beside the colonel, conversing with him in a low voice.

“So far,” said he, “you have been the intercessor ; how would it be if you were to carry through your kind-hearted task to the very end ? Would you be prepared—”

“I am prepared for everything,” answered the colonel, holding his cigar tightly between his fore and middle fingers.

“You see,” continued Herr Grandidier, somewhat timidly, “that many years have passed since the days I told you of, when Glöcklin and I were comrades, and many things have happened ; and that is not

all. During the whole of that time we have never seen, nor held communication with each other. He might perhaps be suspicious were *I* to make the proposal to him—but *you*, for instance, you would be just the very man to do it.”

“Yes,” replied the colonel drily, “I believe I should.”

“If you went to Strasburg—of course at my expense—” he added quickly.

The colonel, however, smiled, as he replied, “When I travel, I always do so at my own expense; but I will go nevertheless.”

“Well, well!” rejoined Herr Grandidier, “no difference need arise between us on that point. Very good, then, you will go, that’s settled. But you will start soon—to-morrow, I hope—”

“To-morrow?” said the colonel, thinking it over. “No, I can’t start to-morrow, but I will the day after.”

“You promise to arrange everything for me—to make use of my money as if it were your own; and to bring Matthias

Glöcklin, his daughters, and his grandson here to Berlin?"

The colonel again produced his note-book, and placed his pencil to his lips. "I don't know if I can bring them here myself; I rather think I can't; for when I once start on a journey, it is impossible for me to say beforehand how soon I am likely to return. But this much I will promise—and he commenced writing—that Matthias Glöcklin, his daughters, and grandson, within a week—will that do?"

"Perfectly!" said Herr Grandidier, nodding.

"Within a week shall be in Berlin. You may rely upon it." He then made a full stop, and replaced the note-book in his pocket.

Herr Grandidier pressed the colonel's hand, rose, and gave the sign for breaking up the party.

Edward also left his seat. His father's story had exercised a wonderful influence upon him, and attracted him afresh to that singular being in whose character severity

bordered so closely on benevolence, and generosity on meanness.

"Father!" said he, approaching with diffidence.

But the latter waved him back, exclaiming,—

"Shame upon him who deceives me once; but if he deceives me a second time, shame upon myself!"

Thereupon he turned to go, and Edward remained behind, disheartened and desponding.

The colonel now approached him. "My young friend," said he, "there must be an end to this unhappy state of affairs. Come to me to-morrow. You will find me at my house;" and he named the street and number. "And now, Knüppel," turning to the latter, "look sharp and call the major, have the lieutenant brought round, and don't forget the corporal!"

Old Knüppel could have embraced the colonel, such a liking had he taken to him, and it was not long before they heard the lieutenant stamping on the pavement be-

fore the door, the corporal barking, and the major calling out to the coachman, "You may forbid me or not, as you please; but for the future I mean to call you *Mr.* Schnelpfeffer; for it wouldn't be proper to address a gentleman of your position otherwise!" The colonel straightway mounted his nag with a dignified air, and all four again departed, in the same order in which they had come.

The night was mild, and the moon high in the heavens. Herr Grandidier could not bear to remain indoors; he had a longing for fresh air. Walking along by the still waterside, through the silent streets, he found himself at length before the equestrian statue of the Great Elector, on the Lange Brücke.¹ There stood the monument, majestic in the solitude of the night, towering above the murky stream, as the moonbeams danced and glimmered on its green bronze. There was something ghost-like in this glimmer, all around being so silent: the

¹ Long Bridge.

turrets of the Schloss, bathed in pale moonlight, while profound darkness lurked in the niches of the balconies—the houses on the river-bank, from their roofs antique figures standing forth in bold relief against the sky—to the left König-strasse, with its long row of gas-lights shining like a string of pearls; to the right the Schloss-platz, on the broad expanse of which all sounds of life had died away. Slowly and steadfastly raising his eyes to the hero, who with eagle glance seemed dauntlessly to keep watch in the night, whilst the moonlight streamed down like a flood of silver upon the rider and his steed, Herr Grandidier spoke,—

“Oh thou who didst once take under thy protection the exile and the orphan, the oppressed and the persecuted! aid and protect *me* also, when I follow the example that thou hast given.”

Soothed and more cheerful, he started on his homeward road, and the last light had just gone out in the Turkish Room as he once more reached his house.

Up to this late hour Edward had still remained in that room, after all the others had departed. Just as there was in his father's character a something which, in spite of the estrangement between them, seemed ever involuntarily to attract him; so in his parental home, which appeared to him in other respects so lonely and unsympathetic, there was this one room which captivated his fancy. It was his delight to meditate among the memories of its former magnificence—to picture to himself the people who had been present at the banquets held there in a previous century; or to gaze at the variegated lamps, the crescents, and the stars, and to dream of a far-distant fairy-land; though in sooth a drop of bitterness was mingled in these meditations, more, however, of self-reproach than condemnation of others. Light after light went out; at length it was quite dark, and now he too rose. "Yes," he cried, "the man is right; this unhappy state of affairs *must* come to an end."

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONEL AT HOME.

THE colonel lived in Krausen-strasse, opposite the little church, in one of the old houses which till lately stood there. They were very small houses, even for the Berlin of that time—"that time" being taken in the sense of nine or ten years ago; for Berlin is a city with a vast future before it, let us hope—but for that very reason with but an insignificant past.

Well, this little house where the colonel resided was the tiniest of all the little houses in its neighbourhood. Besides the ground floor, consisting of a lumber-room and a shop entrance, it had only a single story; but above that again was a high steep roof, which being larger than the

whole of the rest of the house, gave it the appearance of a little man, with a large hat drawn closely down on his forehead. Between the shop entrance and the lumber-room stood the house door, which, though always closed, was so shrunk, from the combined effects of wind and weather, that it was too short both at top and bottom, and a thief could without difficulty have effected an entrance, had he only chosen to do so. But hitherto no thief had considered it worth his while to take this small amount of trouble, for the house did not at all look as if treasures were concealed within its walls. On one side of the door was an iron bell-pull, to which, fortunately, no bell was attached. Otherwise, the inmates would not have had a moment's peace, for every street-boy who passed used to pull it. Any one really wishing to obtain admission had to knock at the door; and even this usually produced no definite result, on account of the noise made by a tinker who lived in the little shop. The latter was at once his shop, workshop,

sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen. There he would sit all day long with his door open, hammering away at his tinware, and singing at the top of his voice the song—

“Frei wie des Adlers mächtiges Gefieder,”

for the tinker was young, light-hearted, and his own master, and also was a member of a gymnastic and choral society.

Accordingly it was no easy matter to obtain admission to the house. Nine people out of ten would go off in despair. But it was precisely that which endeared the little house to the colonel.

It was not the colonel's own house, nor yet was it the tinker's. Besides these two, a man and his wife lived there, though it would be difficult to say what particular room they inhabited. It was always obscure in the little house, even on the brightest summer's day; and when visitors knocked, the man and wife would generally make their appearance out of the gloom, from some unknown spot. Their names were Herr and Madame Brandt. *She* was a dark,

active little body, with the hard accent of the eastern provinces of Prussia; while *he* was tall, awkward, and gloomy-looking, wore green slippers, rarely spoke, and was always yawning. His trade was that of a mason, but he never worked at it. "Alas!" would Madame Brandt say, "we weren't born to this; it's our destiny, our fate!" She made out that she was a Polish lady of good family, and that her husband was formerly a landowner, but that having met with misfortunes, they had been forced to sell their property, and had then come to Berlin. She did not explain more particularly the marvellous process by which her husband, from being a landowner, had eventually become a mason, though, certainly, that had nothing to do with the matter. Nobody had ever seen him at work at his trade; above all no one had ever seen him otherwise than with green slippers on, in the mysterious gloom of the wooden stairs which led from the ground floor to the upper story. He rarely appeared, although whenever you *did* catch a glimpse

of him in the obscurity, tall, uncouth, and clumsy, he would stretch and extend himself, like a man who had just been awakened out of his sleep in the middle of the night; which latter view of affairs was borne out by his having invariably a quantity of feathers amongst his hair.

His wife, on the contrary, was like quicksilver. She made the colonel's coffee, blacked his boots, dusted his things, and took every opportunity of entering into conversation with him. Properly speaking, personal attendance on the colonel should have been "the major's" business; but the latter lived, with "the corporal," at a neighbouring inn, where their chief boarded them both, and he used not to present himself for his master's orders much before noon. Till then the coast was clear for Madame Brandt. "Alas!" she would say, standing at the half-open door, the colonel's riding-coat over her arm, and his boots in her hand, "I was a good-looking woman once, and have had a good education too; but then misfortunes came, colonel; it was my

destiny!" Her destiny, when more closely looked into, appeared to have consisted in the fact that Herr Brandt had been formerly, in his East-Prussian home, the same lazy individual that he was here in Krausen-strasse; that his wife understood nothing about keeping house; that both of them had simply squandered all they once possessed; and having nothing more to lose, they turned their steps towards Berlin, and had taken up their abode in this little house.

But the little house had never been the property of the Brandts. It belonged in reality to an elderly spinster, a milliner of the name of Aurelie Huncks. Miss Huncks had inherited the house from an aunt, a widow with no family, and who had done but little for her in her lifetime. The house, small, inconvenient, and out of repair, was, under present circumstances, of no great value, but still it was worth something; and Miss Huncks had always let it—the last time to the Brandts, who were, however, far from being the best tenants she could have wished for. In one point only, Madame

Brandt was punctual, namely in appearing on the quarter-day at Miss Huncks' with a full heart, but generally with empty hands. She complained of her fate. "Destiny, Miss Huncks," she would say; "who can strive against destiny?" But she rarely brought any money with her. Miss Huncks would therefore long since have ejected the Brandts, had it not been for the colonel. The latter, however, used to set matters straight, when they were at their worst, for he had a great affection for the little house. He had grown accustomed to the gloomy existence of Herr Brandt—although he had several times found him, on his return from one or other of his numerous journeys, wearing his—the colonel's—clothes; and he would have been loath to part with Madame Brandt also, although the milk she brought for breakfast gave him just cause for complaint. "Dear Madame Brandt," said he, "would you be good enough in future to bring me the water and the milk in two jugs, the water in one and the milk in the other?"

“Oh, certainly!” Madame Brandt replied; “why not? That can be done if you prefer it.”

But it was not done, all the same; for the water kept always increasing, and the milk proportionately diminishing in quantity.

Whoever succeeded in overcoming the various obstacles which had to be encountered before they reached the colonel's quarters, would find that these consisted of a white-distempered room, with thin lace curtains, which Madame Brandt draped most artistically every morning, a looking-glass, a book-shelf—on which a dusty “Corpus Juris” betrayed the faithless disciple of Justinian—a *secrétaire* with locks which would neither open nor shut, a table, three chairs, a sofa covered in red velvet, and a large lithographic print. On this latter were depicted trees, and beneath them tall, lean, marvellous-looking figures in their shirt-sleeves, with flowing locks, little caps on their heads, and broad ribbons across their breasts. Some of them were embracing each other, others were shaking

hands, others again held up drinking-horns, tankards, or goblets ; and all wore such a melancholy expression of countenance as to make it appear as if drinking in the forest and swearing eternal friendship were, at best, a most melancholy business. They were students ; but, for the honour of the students of those days, let us hope that the fault lay less in their appearance than in the ability of the artist who had drawn them. The entire company was, as above described, grouped round a beer-barrel, in the centre of the picture. Against the barrel leaned a youth, the tallest, slimmest, most singular, and most melancholy of them all. In this young man the artist had evidently taken the greatest delight ; he had done his best to represent him in character, as he was raising a beer-glass to his lips with the one hand, while he pointed with the other to something, which, situated on the opposite mountain, might have been either a castle or a town, or possibly both.

The colonel prized this print more highly

than anything else. The pride of Madame Brandt, on the contrary, was the red velvet sofa. This, in fact, was the principal ornament of the room, which the brilliancy of its colour lighted up with a warm glow; and Madame Brandt had such a great idea of the costliness of the material with which it was covered, that she never approached it either with the dusting-cane or the brush, the consequence being that each time the colonel sat down on it a cloud of dust arose. The alcove which concealed his bed, and which was shut off from the room by a chintz curtain, completed the colonel's domestic arrangements; and these, without being luxurious, revealed no inconsiderable amount of comfort.

"Alas!" said Madame Brandt, as she stood that morning by the half-open door—for she was accustomed, under the influence of her destiny, to commence all her remarks with a loud lamentation—"Alas, colonel! If you only knew! That person in Rosmarin-strasse,"—this description was intended for Miss Huncks, her land-

lady, who lived in that street—"that good-for-nothing little coquette!"

"Indeed," said the colonel, who, seated on the red velvet sofa, was sipping his coffee, which Madame Brandt had just brought. "Coquette! Miss Huncks a coquette! That's the first I have heard of it."

"Oh you innocent man," replied Madame Brandt, looking at her tenant slyly, with her dark eyes. "No man stands the slightest chance with such a coquette as she is. She has designs on all the men—on every one of them!"

"On all?" asked the colonel, somewhat surprised.

"On all!" affirmed Madame Brandt.

"On you—"

"On *me*?" cried the colonel in amazement.

"Yes, on you," continued Madame Brandt, "on—on—she has not spared even my husband. Only think, my husband! and now she is setting her cap at the professor."

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, neglecting his coffee to listen.

"Yes, Professor Bestvater,—the old gentleman, you know, who is always making after-dinner speeches. You surely know *him*," said Madame Brandt, impatiently, letting fall one the riding-boots, and then stooping to pick it up. "The professor, who lodges at her house. You seem just as if you had never heard of the professor, to whom she has, for years, been in the habit of letting a room—ever since before *this* house belonged to her, when she was nothing but a little deformed milliner."

The colonel snapped his fingers, as a thought suddenly flashed across his mind. "That's an idea, Madame Brandt!" said he.

"What is an idea?" inquired Madame Brandt, who, naturally, had no suspicion of the design that the colonel had conceived. "Do you call it an idea that she had the unheard-of luck of losing an aunt," she continued, growing more and more angry, "who had never set eyes on her during her lifetime, but who on dying left

her a house? that she is up to her ears in riches, whilst other people, who are far more deserving, have to struggle with their destiny? that she gives herself airs like a peacock puffed up with pride?" and Madame Brandt made a movement to illustrate her opinion about Miss Huncks, which caused her to drop the riding-boot once more.

"No, it's not that," said the colonel, endeavouring to pacify her.

But the good woman was not to be pacified. "And she does her best to worry us poor honest folks," she further complained. "If it should happen, once in a way, that we don't bring the quarter's rent punctually to the moment, on the proper day, she immediately threatens to put an execution into the house. Is it not possible for honest people sometimes to be obliged to contend with destiny? Ah, colonel! she sucks our very blood."

"I recollect," said the colonel, "that you spoke to me yesterday about certain differences which exist between you and Miss Huncks. On that account I have

remained here to-day; otherwise I should have been away by now."

"Are you going away, then, colonel?" asked Madame Brandt, in whom curiosity overcame even hatred of Miss Huncks.

"I am," said he, looking at the warm and welcome beams of the spring sun, which had already found their way into the little room. "It is almost the end of April, and the time for setting out on my travels has arrived."

"Where do you go this time? and when may we expect you back?"

"I'm sure I don't know; it may not be till the winter. But before I start, everything must be settled with Miss Huncks, so that I may find Madame Martha Brandt still in Krausen-strasse on my return."

"That *is* good news," cried Madame Brandt, overjoyed that, in spite of her arch-enemy, she had once more come to terms with her destiny. "And now I will dust your things, colonel; and it's a pleasure to me to do it," said she, as she went; but turning round again in the doorway she

added : " You can tell Miss Huncks from me, that I wouldn't change places with her for all the houses in Krausen-strasse ; for, thank God, *I* have got a husband. And I wish she was upright like me, as the hump-backed dancing-master said."

Hereupon she really took herself off at last, and was soon engaged in making a tremendous noise outside, with her dusting. This, coupled with the hammering and singing of the tinker below, prevented her hearing a succession of knocks at the house door, which were now being repeated for the third time. The tinker was the first to notice that some one was seeking in vain to obtain admittance, and knocked on the wall with his hammer, as he occasionally did, from sympathy with strangers, and at times too out of spite to Herr Brandt. This, in fact, was one of the ways in which visitors were announced at the colonel's. Then followed a noise like the shuffling of slippers. and a drowsy summons of " Martha, Martha ! " The said lady stole carefully to the window, and, after peeping

stealthily out, informed the colonel through a crack in the door, that a young man was waiting below.

"If it is my friend Edward Grandidier, show him up," was the reply.

It was he; and quickly—that is, as quickly as its condition permitted—the door was opened, and in the dim light under the stairs appeared the sombre form of Herr Brandt, in his green slippers; steps were heard on the staircase, and, shortly after, Herr Edward Grandidier entered the colonel's room, and was warmly greeted by the latter, who shook him by both hands.

"Son of my friend Grandidier," commenced the colonel, after showing his visitor into the seat of honour, near himself on the red velvet sofa, "now we must have a little conversation about the future."

"The future!" replied Edward with a sigh. "I fear I have none to look forward to."

"Come, come; it's not so bad as that," argued the colonel cheerfully. "The sun

shines, and spring invites us forth into the world. You are so young, too. Tell me, how old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three!" exclaimed the colonel, springing up from the sofa; "only three-and-twenty. When I was that age—oh, those delightful days, that seductive time! I was a student then. "Look here!" and with these words he walked up to the picture already described, which hung above the sofa. "That is Marburg—clink your glasses, *vive* Marburg. Yonder is the steeple of the Elisabethen-kirche; that is the Pilgrimstein; there, beyond the forest is the Elizabeth well. All here is named after Elizabeth. And it was there, one autumn afternoon, that she stood by my side for the last time, with her merry, brown child-eyes."

The colonel, overcome by reminiscences of the past, was silent for awhile. Then passing his hand across his brow he continued: "And that figure there, the young man by the barrel, is myself."

It was, as already explained, not the most flattering likeness that any one might have desired to see of themselves; but the colonel regarded it with a certain bashful tenderness, as though he expected to be contradicted, and was prepared to prove the truth of his assertion.

But as nothing of this sort occurred, he continued: "A mist has arisen, as on that afternoon, and has enveloped the valley and the mountain; and where Marburg was—that Marburg—the rain now drizzles, and the clang of the bells strikes strange on my ears. But yet it was youth, and the pleasures and the cares of youth: I have enjoyed and endured them all. And you, my young friend, you?"

"Ah!" cried Edward heaving a deep sigh, "did you but know!"

"You are standing at the cross-roads. Come on, then, and make your decision! I too have had to make mine. Like that magic land which is ever veiled from our eyes, a great portion of my life is wrapped in oblivion; and when the sun shone again,

it was a different world, and I was another man. Love for my fatherland, sorrow at her impotency, and an ardent desire for the return of her majesty and greatness, now took the place of that enthusiastic love—of that unforgotten sorrow—of that ardent, unfulfilled longing. Look!” and once again the colonel pointed to the picture above his sofa; “that is the castle of Marburg; and there, in that little turret, among criminals of the lowest type, was imprisoned a true-hearted patriot—Sylvester Jordan by name; his fate for having loved his country and freedom too warmly. In those days, the black-red-and-gold ribbon, a German coat, and a turn-down shirt-collar, sufficed to proclaim any young man a revolutionist, in the eye of the police; and then we all played at revolution. But since I beheld that pale, suffering countenance, behind those barred windows—since that time I have been in earnest. My fellow-students have, together with their caps and their ribbons, laid aside their political opinions as well. *I have*

preserved mine faithfully, and have become a revolutionist, like that man yonder in his dungeon. After leaving the university, when my father required of me in the usual course of things that I should pass an examination and enter the probationary service of the State, the crisis occurred of which I have been speaking. My father, a clever, wealthy, and highly respectable man, had set his heart on seeing me, at the close of his life, in permanent employment as a Hessian government-official; and thus it happened that I was the means of disappointing him most deeply—the only time, I may say, that I ever caused him one moment's pain, intentionally and on purpose. Hesse, my beloved native land, though my heart still clung to her people, her mountains, and her valleys, had grown hateful to me. My ear had become acute, and my eye keen. I saw the honest persecuted, and the upright ill-treated. No, no, said I; I cannot. I thought of the landgrave who used to sell his subjects, and I thought of Friedrich, the only one

who lifted up his powerful voice, in wrath at it. I thought of the elector who by his calculating and vacillating conduct lost his electorate to the French, and I thought of the king of Prussia who summoned his people to arms, and once more freed us from their yoke. What need I tell you further, my young friend? Secretly I left Marburg, Cassel, Hesse, and went to Berlin, became a Prussian subject, and entered the service of the State. I did not rise very high in it, certainly; more's the pity, though that Prussia was no longer the Prussia of Stein, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau. I lived to see and suffer much; but at the time I tendered my resignation, after the bitter illusions of '48, the government did not represent Prussia; for to that ideal Prussia of mine, I have never refused my obedience, nor broken my troth.

“A man has in the meanwhile arisen—a mighty one, who from the first gave promise of action. I will not mention his name, for, in spite of all that, he is a Tory,

and I distrust the Tories. But a time may come, which will be even mightier than he—a time when the world will be again in commotion”—here the colonel felt in his breast-pocket, as if he once more wished to take out some hand-grenades—“and then—then we shall see.”

During these words, which had gradually assumed the form of a soliloquy, the colonel had been excitedly walking up and down the room; he now stopped short in front of Edward.

“That is why I say, Make up your mind!” he exclaimed. “You have now heard that I too have had forcibly to tear myself away, in order to fulfil my mission. What prevents you doing likewise?”

“I cannot,” said Edward; “I am bound hand and foot.”

“Then cast off your bonds!”

“My father’s will—his cherished desires—all his hopes in life—are trembling in the balance!”

“Ah, bah! Shall a hatter come off better than a government-official? You

will be as little the one, as I was the other. You were born to be an artist, as I was a revolutionist. Those are our respective vocations.

"My father's grief would be unbounded."

"So was *my* father's. In the world, everything has its limits, this irresistible impulse, which is ever striving for realization, alone excepted—call it love of freedom and of our native land, or love of art, if you will. Should it be our real vocation, it must have force sufficient to overcome every obstacle, even filial affection. For the illimitable tolerates no bounds."

"Oh how often have I too thought this!" cried Edward, who had also risen from his seat, and was now standing erect in the room, in the midst of the sunshine, which streamed in at the window; and raising both hands aloft, as though he would embrace the golden rays, he continued, "How often have I said this to myself, as I stood alone before my easel. It seemed to me as though I were disowning *Art*,

the heaven-sent friend of my existence." Slowly his arms sank down, but with tearful eyes the handsome youth still gazed in the direction of the sun.

"Of what use is that?" resumed the colonel; "your father knows all, and nothing but a bold decision can save you!"

"Would that I could form one!"

"And do you not feel impelled, by ambition to perfect yourself in your art? to make a name in the world? Any one so gifted as you are, owes it to himself to do so. Nature, which gave the one, gave also the other. Has no irresistible feeling ever made you tremble with emotion—made you happy or miserable?"

"None," replied Edward, "beside that of humiliation."

"Have you never loved?"

Edward was about to speak, but suddenly changing his mind, he shook his head.

"Never once!" exclaimed the colonel, in a voice as though this confession formed

the climax of his astonishment and pity. "Three-and-twenty years old, and never once in love!" He was silent for an instant; it gave him evidently some trouble to relinquish the subject. Then, turning again to Edward. "You appear to me a thorough German—you do indeed!"

Edward smiled sadly. "How do you mean?" he inquired

"Why, you are so apathetic, and it takes so much to rouse you. Powerful emotions can alone awaken you from your lethargy. Forth then into the world! The world will see to it fast enough!"

"And my father—my mother—!" cried Edward, almost beseechingly, as though he would defend them against some vast peril.

But the colonel said, "'Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother'—as it is written in the First Book of Moses, chapter 2nd, verse 24. Forward! Be a man! Are you then so fearful of the contest?"

"No, indeed I am not—not for myself

at least; but for him—for my father! I fear he will never recover the blow; and this it is which has hitherto rendered my decision impossible!”

“I cannot blame you for this delicacy of feeling,” said the colonel; “but you must overcome it; and, whatever be the result, you must not allow your resolve to occasion you remorse. Here is my hand; if you will do *your* part—if you will seize the opportunity, see the world, go to Paris, complete your education there, and finally return to Berlin perfect in your art—you will not find me wanting in case of need. Do you accept?”

The youth's eyes flashed with enthusiasm. “I do!” said he, in a tone of fixed determination, and taking the colonel's proffered hand.

The latter looked at his watch.

“It is time,” said he, “for me to pay a visit, which I must not postpone. Very well then; this evening, at half-past seven exactly, I shall expect you at the Anhalter station. We will travel together as far as

the French frontier ; then you go to the right, towards Paris, and I to the left, to Strasburg. You have no need to trouble yourself about money for the journey, and for your first expenses in Paris. I will take no refusal, my young friend. Indeed it would be impossible for you to procure it elsewhere, without prematurely betraying yourself. It will not reach very far ; but should you at any time be in difficulties, you will always know where to find a generous heart and an open hand, so far as my means will reach. And now *au revoir !*”

The colonel hereupon proceeded to finish his toilet ; and Edward left the house as though stunned by his momentous decision.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COLONEL PAYS A VISIT TO MISS HUNCKS.

As the clock struck twelve, the colonel sallied forth, fully armed for the fray, and troubled about nothing but the buttons of his kid gloves. He carried his riding-whip under his arm. "I have but to show it," said he, "and those imps of darkness, cowards, and foes to freedom, will instantly tremble!" Then taking it in his hand, he made it whistle through the air as he strode along.

Horse, dog, and Bollermann remained at home; for the colonel was to-day on a confidential mission, for which he considered a procession in full state would be unsuitable.

The sun was shining brightly in Friedrich-strasse, and the colonel loved the sun.

He inhaled the feeling of spring, even in the long, noisy street, which, moreover, on an April morning like this, seemed imbued with an influence peculiarly fresh and invigorating; for spring exercises such control over colours and shades, that even the stony heart of a city is filled with, and made bright by it. The droschky-driver lays aside his sheep-skin coat, and his vehicle displays the beauty of its interior arrangements. The outside of the omnibus is covered with passengers who gaze merrily down at the crowd below, and the latter itself looks brighter and more cheerful. Ladies appear abroad in their new spring toilettes; the young men follow in their tracks, though certainly without that blush that Schiller speaks of,¹ for are we not in Berlin? The pavement glistens with the moist dew; a slight mist hangs over the distant streets; the lofty windows of the shops, right and left, gleam and sparkle; the little trees in front of the houses are just commencing to clothe themselves in

¹ See Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke."

green ; before the doors of the flower-shops, lilacs and even hot-house roses diffuse their fragrance ; and from many an attic window is heard the sweet song of some thrush, finch, or canary, whose cage is hanging, high above, in the open air.

The colonel enjoyed it with his whole soul ; and occupied with thoughts of peace, of spring, and of the future—although, like some one else in Wilhelm-strasse, he carried war in his heart as the only possible means of attaining his end—he approached Rosmarin-strasse.

In this poetically-named street lived Miss Huncks. Unfortunately for the street, however, the name was its only poetic attribute, for it was a narrow, unsightly alley, consisting, to tell the truth, only of the backs of the houses and courtyards of Unter den Linden, which, on their part again, face the back premises and stables of Behren-strasse. The worthy professor might possibly have been tempted to put on his visiting cards a number in the Linden as his address, and, to keep up appearances, would often

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house had, or claimed to have, the right of stowing there, the colonel reached a staircase leading to the back of the house; and not without making a considerable clatter did he discover, on arriving at the landing, amongst the various cards and name-plates on the several doors, the one which again bore the name of "Aurelie Huncks, Milliner;" so that there could be absolutely no doubt as to her domicile. A bell hung close by, which, on being pulled, gave forth such shrill and querulous tones that the colonel, on setting it in motion, felt as though he had been too venturesome. Yet it must have been the right one, for, immediately, a grey, and then a white door opened, and behind this white door stood Miss Huncks.

Her lady on recognizing her visitor had a presentiment of some coming storm, in which the colonel was the precursor, and on account he was welcome, though in her own heart she could not endure him. It had, indeed, have been difficult to say for whom or for what that heart

have availed himself of one of the entrances from thence, could he have done so without the porter's knowledge. But the latter being always on the look-out, this was out of the question.

Meanwhile, the colonel was not thinking about the Linden. When he had proceeded far enough, he turned into Rosmarin-strasse, and soon stood before the house he was in quest of. It was distinguished by a yellowish, weather-beaten appearance, as though in that particular part of Berlin it rained every day. Perhaps it was for this reason that all the windows were furnished with grey canvas sun-blinds, the rings of which kept up an incessant tinkling, even when the weather was perfectly calm. Near the green painted door was fixed a little white porcelain plate, with the inscription "Aurelie Huncks, Milliner; second floor." The house-door not being locked, the colonel was able to enter without more ado.

After crossing an ill-lighted entrance-hall, crowded with all sorts of empty cases and boxes, which the inhabitants of the

house had, or claimed to have, the right of stowing there, the colonel reached a staircase leading to the back of the house; and not without making a considerable clatter did he discover, on arriving at the landing, amongst the various cards and name-plates on the several doors, the one which again bore the name of "Aurelie Huncks, Milliner;" so that there could be absolutely no doubt as to her domicile. A bell hung close by, which, on being pulled, gave forth such shrill and querulous tones that the colonel, after setting it in motion, felt as though he had been too venturesome. Yet it must have been the right one, for, immediately, first a grey, and then a white door opened, and behind this white door stood Miss Aurelie Huncks.

The lady on recognizing her visitor had a vague presentiment of some coming storm, of which the colonel was the precursor, and on this account he was welcome, though in her inmost heart she could not endure him. It would, indeed, have been difficult to say decidedly for whom or for what that heart

had ever beat, for, strictly speaking, she neither loved anybody nor anything—with the exception, perhaps, of a comfortable little wrangle; and the world seemed to her to have gone wrong when her mischievous plans miscarried, or she failed in annoying any one with some malicious trick.

“Good morning!” cried she, opening the white door wide for the colonel to enter. “Come in! you’re welcome! I suppose you’ve brought me the rent which Madame Brandt still owes from last quarter?”

The colonel accepted the invitation. The vestibule led direct into a large room, which, although it had three windows looking on to Rosmarin-strasse, was somewhat gloomy, owing to the shade of the houses opposite. The window-sills were covered with small wooden trestles, on which were pretty bonnets, with long, wide, yellow, or pink, ribbons. In the centre were placed mahogany stands, hung all over with costumes, veils, and charming little morning caps, elegantly trimmed. One side of the room was fitted with shelves, and on these

were boxes filled with the finest artificial flowers. Opposite stood a sofa, and a circular table covered with the latest fashion-books and papers. In a word, this was the show- and trying-on-room for ladies who patronized the millinery establishment of Miss Aurelie Huncks; but it had one drawback, viz., that the professor, who rented a furnished apartment leading out of it, to the right, was obliged to pass through, every time he went in or out. One door only, separated him from the pink bonnets of the adjoining room; and it was a dangerous and seductive neighbourhood for one on whom Miss Aurelie Huncks had set her hopes. In fact, no other entrance was available but through this room, which, even when unoccupied, always reminded him of the good-looking ladies he often saw there. To the left were the private apartments of Miss Huncks, and into these she conducted the colonel.

“Is it not so?” she exclaimed, in the playful manner which became her so well.
“Aren’t you bringing me my money? for I

can tell you this, if these Brandts don't, for the future, keep up to the proper rent-day, I'll have them ejected without mercy. Yes, that I will!" she asseverated, when they had both entered the room.

But she had no intention of carrying out her threat, for where in all Berlin could she find tenants like these? tenants who so regularly owed her a quarter's rent, and who, on that account, so patiently submitted to be bullied by her? No, the pleasure of worrying these people—or, to speak more correctly, Madame Brandt only—was well worth the money; for Herr Brandt did not allow himself to be worried. Philosopher as he was, he remained in the little room behind the stairs, and felt as happy there as Diogenes in his tub. But failing him, Madame Brandt gave her landlady occupation enough; on her the latter could vent her ill-humour to her heart's content. She would have lost money sooner than deny herself this satisfaction.

"Pray take a seat," said she, pointing to the sofa, and pushing away a table which

stood in front of it. The table was strewn with light and gauzy materials of every description, a wooden doll's head occupying the centre. Its cheeks had lost their bloom, and in lieu of hair, the top of its head was covered with leather, which reached far down on the forehead. Its countenance had acquired an air of depression and suffering; which was easy enough to account for, since when Miss Huncks was out of temper, she made the doll's head do penance for the offences of others. She would ill-treat, and even strike it, and then get in a rage, simply because it put up with every indignity and still retained its perpetual smile. If it could only have contradicted her, just for once! if it could only for once have been able to defend itself! But it did not do so, it only smiled. In addition to this, the tip of its nose was wanting, which imparted to its smile an air of unutterable stupidity.

This doll's head seemed to stare fixedly at the colonel, when the latter had seated himself on the sofa.

"No," he cried, smoothing his tight glove, "I haven't brought you the money; but I'm prepared to offer what is just as good, viz., security for it. As long as I reside in the house, I myself will be answerable for the rent; and during the time that I am away on my travels, my agent has orders to see to its being settled. What more can you require? Isn't my security sufficient?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Miss Huncks; "quite so. I should only like to know why you interest yourself so much in behalf of these Brandts. They are really most slovenly people, vagabond wretches on the highroad to ruin—and especially that Madame Brandt!"

"They have had misfortunes," answered the colonel; "we may any of us meet with misfortune one day or another; but that is no reason why we should refuse them our sympathy."

"Sympathy!" exclaimed the lady; "pity for Madame Brandt? I have no pity for that woman!"

"She does what she is able ; is industrious, works from early in the morning till late at night—"

"And wears silk gowns !" broke in Miss Huncks.

"And why shouldn't she ? They become her ; and she is a good-looking woman still," said the colonel.

"You must be joking !" cried Miss Huncks, involuntarily retreating a couple of paces towards the window. "Those black Polish eyes, and that flat Polish mouth ! a Polish *ménage* altogether ! And you call that good-looking ?"

"Well," replied the colonel, availing himself of the pause whilst Miss Huncks was taking breath, "*some* Polish women are pretty enough—"

But the lady was soon ready again for the fray.

"And her deportment !" cried she. "How the woman dresses too ! everything hangs and dangles about her."

With that, Miss Huncks gave herself a shake, and rose, as if to show what a figure

you ought to have, and how you ought to hold yourself. "There!" she exclaimed, drawing her little, brown, stuff jacket slightly downwards, and the corresponding part of her dress a little upwards. She never appeared before strangers without this little jacket, although it was not becoming, and she would rather have seen any other woman wearing it. For though the reader may not as yet have noticed it, Miss Huncks was a little bit crooked; it was, however, really very little indeed.

"Yes, yes," said the colonel, with a courteous movement of the hand; "it isn't every lady who understands how to dress properly. That is an art in itself, and requires to be studied."

"Certainly," answered Miss Huncks, drawing her chair in front of the table, and placing one of the bonnets on the doll's head.

"And yet," resumed the colonel, "it is worthy of all respect, how the woman has accommodated herself to her altered circumstances! She was once upon a time a lady, and was the owner of an estate—"

But now the patience of Miss Huncks was completely exhausted. "What was she owner of?" cried she, giving the doll's head a push, thus causing the bonnet to sit all on one side, which imparted to it an air of audacity that no one would have given it credit for, owing to its otherwise so modest expression. "What was she? a lady? A slatternly creature is what she was, who married a journeyman bricklayer, because she couldn't find any one better; and between them they've squandered the little that they once had. That was their estate; that's what they owned, and that's what they were."

Miss Huncks was fairly beside herself with anger. Placing her arms a-kimbo, she gave the colonel a look which would have put any one else out of countenance. But he was not the man to allow himself to be intimidated; his heart was proof against the shafts of love, as well as against those of hatred.

"Miss Huncks!" he exclaimed.

"Herr — Herr — Herr Colonel, — Herr

Scharf," she replied; "I wish I knew what name I ought to call you by! But you're not so very particular," added she pointedly.

"No," answered the colonel, who, as above stated, was proof against all assaults; "certainly not. You can do as you please about that. What's in a name? Only noise and sound! Our names and shapes are given us. We can't make them for ourselves; but there is nothing to prevent us improving them a little!"

"What do you mean by that?" cried Miss Huncks, changing colour, and struggling to retain her composure..

"Nothing that you are not already aware of. Why should you object to call me 'colonel'? Kindly do me that pleasure! I haven't indeed the good fortune to stand so near your heart as a certain other person, whom you honour with the title of 'professor'—"

Miss Huncks breathed again, with a sense of relief. It was only her heart then, and not her figure, to which the colonel alluded!

"I know," she resumed, "that you are by no means free from prejudice against the professor. You don't fancy him. But that's just like you men! You have no generosity; you have all the faults and but few of the virtues of *our* sex; you are unable to acknowledge one another's good qualities!"

"You do me injustice, Miss Huncks. I esteem the professor highly. He is an amiable, charming and indeed quite irresistible man!"

The lady's eyes sparkled.

"If there is one feeling I have against him which I cannot repress," pursued the colonel, "it would be, at most, that of the noblest envy!"

Miss Huncks fairly beamed with delight.

"Yes," said the colonel, continuing the interesting theme, "he's a dangerous man. I should be sorry to have the professor as a rival. You ought to have seen him yesterday evening. I met him at a large party. There were ladies there: young ladies, handsome ladies, charming ladies."

The milliner's countenance, so cheerful till now, became at once overcast with a cloud of displeasure.

Innocently, the colonel continued: "I am far from being an envious person, Miss Huncks, though you seem to think all men are so; but I have the feelings of a man; and to be a witness how well this professor understands conversing with ladies—that facility, that grace of expression, that pleasing humour, that attractive charm of manner—"

"Ah!" sighed she, "I know it only too well."

"And to be forced to look on," proceeded the colonel, "whilst this man celebrates his triumphs, Miss Huncks! it is exasperating. Whenever he appears, he is at once the centre of attraction to the female world."

"Stop!" interrupted Miss Huncks.

"To see the half-opened rosy lips of his audience, as he raises his glass to sound in ardent verse the praises of the fair sex!"

"I will hear no more," interrupted the

lady again, stopping her ears ; though she heard none the worse on that account.

"Oh !" said the colonel, "those feasts of youth, of beauty and of love, whose undisputed priest, bard, and hero, is lucky Professor Bestvater !"

"And he leaves poor me sitting at home in my loneliness," recommenced the unhappy *modiste*, wildly striding up and down the room. "He leaves me alone, within these four bare walls, to work till late into the night, whilst he in the meanwhile revels and carouses. Oh, my suspicions ! my misgivings !"

Throwing herself into a chair by the table and covering her face with both hands, she wept with indignation.

"Compose yourself," said the colonel, seeking to console her. "Restore the faithless man his liberty. Set your sex a sublime example. Be magnanimous."

"I will do nothing of the kind," exclaimed the lady, springing up and dealing the doll's head a blow in the middle of its face. "I'll teach you to laugh when I am

weeping," cried she, giving it a second blow, with such force that it fell backwards off the table, disarranging everything in its fall—silks, flowers, and ribbons. "Come, you shall see the sort of life he leads."

Opening the show-room door, she led the way, followed by the colonel with his clinking spurs, between rows of bonnets and dresses, which formed an avenue on either side. On reaching the opposite door, she beckoned him to stand still a moment, while she bent down her ear to listen. "I thought so," said she, placing her hand on the latch. "He's not at home. He scarcely ever *is* at home now, until late at night." Here she gave the door a push and they entered the professor's room, together.

For the temple of a priest, bard, and hero, it was rather a mean one. There was nothing to remind you of the artist, unless it were the artistic confusion in which everything lay littered about. But there was a long looking-glass—the most wonderful of its kind you ever saw—

entirely stuck round from top to bottom, with invitation cards.

"Look here," said Miss Huncks conducting the colonel to the glass, "that's the sort of life he leads."

She now commenced reading some of the printed cards, which were almost all couched in similar terms, with the difference only of luncheon, dinner, supper, or ball; all requested the pleasure of the professor's company, and most of them concluded with the well-known letters R.S.V.P.

The foot of the glass was formed by a tin receptacle, which had been originally intended for flowers; but now it was full of champagne corks. These had been marked in ink by the professor, near the brand, to show on what day, in what house, and on what occasion, each particular cork had been drawn.

"That is all he's worth," said the lady, dismally, "champagne corks, and cards of invitation." Then after a while, half turning round to see what impression this

sight had made on the colonel, she added :
“What have you to say now?”

“I see nothing which can alter my good opinion of the professor. We must be indulgent towards persons possessed of such talents. He is a man of the world, and who enjoys life.”

“Yes,” she replied, involuntarily clasping her hands, “if the world only knew at whose expense he lives—who finds the money!”

This was the point the colonel had been working up to. The game was progressing favourably. “This man exercises a spell over the female heart,” said he; “the weaker sex bows down before him. I assure you, Miss Hunks, the most elegant ladies of our city are happy if he only deigns to bestow a glance on them.”

“And what have these elegant ladies done for him?” exclaimed she, bitterly. “There—there is all he ever had from *them*,” pointing to a curious ornament of cotillon-decorations, stars of gold tinsel, cracker-mottoes, &c., which, like a halo, adorned the top of the long glass.

"You don't seem to realize the implied poetical sentiment," answered the colonel. "Why, have not our minstrels and troubadours also preserved a ribbon or a glove as a token of affection from their lady-loves? Did not a king pick up the garter of his beloved? Ah! Miss Huncks! Miss Huncks! you termed me, a little while ago, an adversary of the professor; but I now perceive that it is I who must take up the cudgels in his defence against *you*. What! Do you wish to reproach him for gaining his livelihood by poetry, as a butterfly sips honey from flowers."

"Poetry?" she exclaimed, scornfully pointing to a heap of papers, which the professor had carefully stowed away in a leathern hat-box. "Do you call *that* poetry?"

The colonel approached the receptacle she had indicated, and remarked, after glancing into it inquisitively, "I call that, the shady side of life."

"I call them bills," answered the lady, angrily throwing them on the table, one

after another, "unpaid bills—bills from the shoemaker, the tailor, the glover, the hatter, the grocer, the hair-dresser, the barber; from dealers in fancy goods, even from his laundress—from every one."

"I am afraid the poor man has debts," said the colonel, sighing.

"So much so," replied the *modiste*, "that he can no longer show himself in the streets without being followed by duns. He can't even pass the apple-woman without a disturbance occurring. And it isn't as if this was the first time; but already twice—twice before, an execution was just going to be put in—and pray tell me, where were all your elegant ladies *then*? You can't get rid of the bailiff with crackers and champagne corks. And had I not—"

She was silent. But the colonel, addressing her with words of encouragement, cried, "Did you—?"

"Yes," she continued with animation, "I did! I paid his debts. I paid them twice!"

"Generous being! but you have not, I

feel sure, done it for nothing ? ” added he, confidentially.

The milliner blushed. “ No,” said she, after a little delay ; “ he has promised me marriage.”

“ In writing ? ” inquired the retired referendarius, who had the law at his fingers’ ends.

“ Well, not exactly that,” replied Miss Huncks, blushing anew ; “ but solemnly, and laying his hand on his heart—”

“ That’s not of the slightest legal value,” said the ex-lawyer, contemptuously. “ There is nothing about the hand on the heart in the Prussian common-law code. But make him give it to you in writing, Miss Huncks, in black and white.”

“ But suppose he objects ? ”

“ Why, the means of compelling him are in your own hands ! He *must* ! ”

And, inexorable as the goddess of justice herself, to whom he had formerly, in his youth, done homage, he pointed to the leathern case, and the “ shady sides of life ” which were grouped around it.

"Yes, certainly," said Miss Huncks, sighing; "the bailiff will soon be here again. For the last two days he has been repeatedly calling, to deliver him the order for payment. But the sly fox was on the look-out, and ever since has always been on the move!"

"And when is the order for payment due?" inquired the colonel, further.

"In a week," answered the lady, who understood how to change with extraordinary facility from financial matters to *affaires de cœur*, and *vice versa*; "an execution will be put in if he doesn't find means of payment within a week."

"And has he none?"

"None whatever!" replied she, in a tone of voice which sounded as immutable as the decree itself.

"Has he broached the subject to you?"

"He is for ever dinning it into my ears."

"Come, be generous; hearken to him for the last time; but make him give you his promise of marriage in writing, Miss

Huncks. When you have it in black and white, why—" and he drew the well-known note-book from his pocket, "why, then you're as good as married."

"Are you quite certain?" exclaimed she, looking at the colonel.

"Unquestionably!" he answered, entering a few words in his note-book. "Now it's down here in this book; and what stands in this book is irrefutable." Whereupon he replaced it, with great care, in his breast pocket.

The countenance of the *modiste* fairly beamed with joy and malice. "What a pleasant life he might lead!" cried she. "He should learn to be domesticated; he should work; he should incur no more debts;" here she stretched out both her hands, as if to say: "If I could only have him within the grasp of these ten fingers!"

At this moment heavy steps were heard in the entrance hall. The lady was greatly agitated. "It's the professor!" she exclaimed, hastily replacing the bills in

the hat-box and quitting the room with the colonel. Quite out of breath, he wanted to stop in the show-room, among the pretty bonnets and caps, but she would not allow this. "If he were to hear you," said she, in terror, urging the colonel through her own apartments to the other door—"if he had the slightest suspicion of our interview, all would be lost!"

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'm going. But mind and get it from him in writing—get it in writing!"

"You will not be dissatisfied with me," whispered she, noiselessly opening the door, after she had assured herself that the coast was clear.

She then nodded to the colonel, who had already been hustled outside, he scarcely knew how; one more adieu, full of significance; and his last look as the door was being noiselessly closed, fell on the doll's head, which having been replaced on the table, was quietly smiling away with its wonted stupidity.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST SON.

ON leaving the house of the retired referendarius Fritz Scharf, surnamed the colonel, Edward stopped, hesitating and undecided, as if, after taking the first step, he wished to think it over once more. But the die was cast, and Edward stood at the turning-point of his life. To retreat was to be lost. Before him lay what he had yearned for, with a longing suppressed for years; but now, when it had advanced as it were out of a mist, and become a reality, his heart suddenly misgave him. God knows, every leave-taking occasions a certain sense of depression, though we may be bound only on some journey of pleasure or recreation; and often, even when tole-

rably well accustomed to coming and going, we experience a similar feeling. But to Edward the sensation was a new one. This was the first time he had ever left home, and under what circumstances was he now about to do so? The games of his boyhood and the little sand-heaps at the waterside, came back to his memory. Never before had he discovered how his heart clung to this spot and all its surroundings. He had never until to-day had any particular affection for Krausen-strasse, where he stood at this moment; but it seemed now to have assumed quite a melancholy and compassionate aspect, as if it were actually sympathizing with him, and desirous in some way or another of letting him know it. Each individual one of the houses round appeared likewise to have adopted a confidential look, as though it had long been on a footing of familiarity, and deeply regretted the parting. All who went by, riding or driving, seemed to have an expression in their faces as if aware that Edward was about to quit Berlin, and as though

they would all have liked to shake him by the hand before his departure.

“Good God!” thought Edward, “if even my farewell visit to Krausen-strasse costs me such a struggle, what will be my feelings at Neu Cölln am Wasser, when I bid adieu to all the little streets and haunts, where I used to play in my childhood?” Then he thought of his home and of his father. He felt no trace of resentment when he remembered that father’s hand uplifted against him in anger—he felt only an unusual steadfastness of purpose. Calling to mind those spring-evening walks of his earlier days, and the tales his father used to narrate of the fate of his ancestors, the similarity between his destiny and theirs all at once flashed across his mind. He too had been, like them, almost like a prisoner and under restraint in his father’s house—like one who dares not acknowledge his convictions; and there awoke within him that power of faith, that energy of action, so characteristic of the Huguenots of old, which still exists in the descendants

of the first immigrants, and has created, from among the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the French colonists in Berlin, so many distinguished generals, statesmen, heads of celebrated mercantile houses, manufacturers, *savants*, and artists of the highest order. He thought of the Great Elector, the benefactor of the Grandidiers as his father termed him, whom he, from his earliest days, had been taught to look up to as his own august protector. "Save me! save me!" cried he, from the depths of his heart. "My ancestors found prosperity in exile alone, and in flight from the injustice of tyrants; like them, I also am a Grandidier!" He saw him again, in imagination, as he had often seen his statue on the bridge, in the full splendour of sunset, when the laurels around his head glistened in the golden beams; and it seemed almost as though, in spite of so many intervening years, he could still converse with him as with one who heard and understood. "I shall return," he murmured, absorbed in these

reflections, which were as much of the past as of the future; "I shall return free—free as my forefathers were, when, having cast off the yoke of falsehood and perfidy towards themselves, they took the field against uncertainty, to save that which is ever and alone certain to man, their conscience—that rest to the soul in the performance of duty! I shall return to him who taught my ancestors to acknowledge their faith, fully armed for that day when I am able to bear witness for mine, as he once has borne witness for me!"

No longer was any trace of irresolution apparent in his gait, as he now continued his course with firm and steady tread. Everything seemed to him once again in its regular order as on other days. The streets and houses resumed their ordinary appearance, and the people too went about their business as usual, and seemed to concern themselves about him no more. The life of the great city pulsated through its arteries as was its wont; the din rattled and bustled and died away in the

distance—only to return again, ever and anon, with the noise of a thousand wheels, with the thundering clang of horses' hoofs, and with the confused hum of countless voices and footsteps, in which were merged the separate accents and tread of each individual. Yet every one had his own object in view—and so, likewise, had Edward. This it was which caused him to feel all at once so happy, so light-hearted and joyful—freedom, art, love; no unsubstantial fantasy of imagination, but a form—a maiden's form—with that lovely countenance he beheld in all his dreams. There it stood, far away—but yet plainly recognizable by those sweet features with which his own heart had endowed it. How was it that the one idea had led to the other? He could not himself say. Thus, however, it floated before his eyes, borne on the humid brightness of the spring-time; and the veil of gloomy depression, which had hitherto overshadowed his existence, sank down, as the sun appeared again in all his glory.

The fresh flowers of spring—violets, lilies-of-the-valley, primroses, and cowslips, exhaled their fragrance from the pots and nosegays of the market on the Dönhofsplatz. The water sparkled as it flowed splashing into the marble basin of the fountain from the lions' mouths. The white booths, which covered the market-place, and the good things which were sold therein, and the multitude that thronged hither and thither, and the baskets which were being filled and the baskets which were being emptied,—this bright picture in which were thousands of people in perpetual movement, gave him such a joyous sensation of the presence of life, that it seemed to cry aloud within him: "Forth! forth!" He had only one parting visit to pay, viz., at Samuel Fränkel's. For affection led him to confide his new secret to the man who had so loyally kept the other, which had been betrayed yesterday, for the first time, by the colonel—and he meant to entrust this secret to no one, save to him and to Herr Theodore Stork.

Herr Theodore Stork was the drawing-master from whom Edward had learnt as much of art as the former, with the best intentions, could impart. It was not much, but still it was something; for "the straight line is the commencement of all art," was Herr Theodore Stork's motto; and in these first principles he had honestly instructed his zealous pupil, Edward. Samuel Fränkel, who had always liked him as a child, negotiated the arrangements for these lessons, which had been for several years carried on with the strictest secrecy; so long, in fact, that even Herr Stork himself at length began to doubt whether his instruction could be of any further advantage to the pupil, who had long since out-stripped his master. Herr Theodore Stork was a most unassuming man, and had hitherto been quite satisfied when his scholars had made sufficient progress to be able to draw a square and a circle. A house and a fir-tree had been the highest objects of his tutorial ambition; and he used to speak

with a vast amount of respect of a boy who, shortly before he left school, had succeeded, not only in drawing a bird, but in colouring it too. This youth, for whom he had predicted the most brilliant future, had subsequently become a respectable cabinet-maker, which, indeed, was about the best thing for him. But Edward so greatly surpassed all others in his master's previous experience of five-and-twenty years as drawing-master, that he was at first alarmed, and afterwards suffered certain qualms of conscience, as he watched, day after day, the extraordinarily rapid development of the young man's abilities. For Herr Theodore Stork was not only an unassuming, but also an honourable and intelligent man, and there was more in him than he gave himself credit for. He too, perhaps, had in his youthful days dreamt of greater things; but he had never got much beyond "the straight line," &c.; and who knows whether his destiny, when it guided him along that gloomy path, had not acted for the best in doing so? Be-

sides, he was perfectly content with it. It was only after he had made Edward's acquaintance that the old thoughts would at times return. He had seen good works of art enough to suspect that no inconsiderable amount of talent lay dormant in the youth, though perhaps he did not fully realize how much. He had spoken of it often, both to Samuel Fränkel and to Edward Grandidier himself. The latter, after learning, not without some trouble, that "the straight line is the commencement of all art,"—for his master was most particular on this point—had progressed with unparalleled rapidity; had drawn houses and fir-trees by the end of the first month; and by the end of the first year, whole forests, villages, towns, and landscapes, the like of which Herr Theodore Stork had never before seen. The good man, although he had not been in the habit of including it as part of his regular course of instruction, made his pupil draw, first from plaster casts, and then—when this stage had also, in a surprisingly short

space of time, been passed—from models. At this point, however, Herr Stork's prudence really seemed exhausted, for when Edward at last commenced painting in water-colours and oils, the former said, "Now you must positively go to some one else for instruction; although it grieves me to say so, I can no longer be of use to you!"

But how greatly the poor, diffident man underrated his own value! Certainly he could teach the young artist nothing more, he could not now even point out to him his faults, but circumstanced as Edward was, everything depended on secrecy. Of course a certain amount of error was bound to find its way into his pictures, but it was something to be enabled, like other young men of his own age with their lady loves, to give himself a rendezvous with that which was the object of *his* affections—with art, until the day arrived when he dared acknowledge it openly. This day had now come. But before he departed he wished to discharge his first debt, that of gratitude towards these

two men, who had hitherto been the only ones to do anything to help him, each after his own fashion.

It was Saturday, and Samuel Fränkel, being of the Jewish persuasion, stood, dressed in his sabbath clothes, on the outside step of his house in Heiligengeist-strasse, basking in the warm spring sun. "God will help us," was his favourite saying, whenever gloomy thoughts entered his mind. But such thoughts did not occur to him now, on the Lord's day. He had been to the synagogue, had prayed there; and had often during the service—may God forgive him—thought of the good dinner his wife so well understood how to prepare; better even than any other woman in Heiligengeist-strasse, or, indeed, anywhere else in that quarter. His wife was a pattern of piety and virtue; she wore her cap low on her forehead, as she had always worn it, even when her hair, which was now silvery white, used to be brown and wavy. She lived only for her husband and their son Joseph. But alas! this son had caused

them the most bitter distress. Not that he was a bad sort of young man in any way; no, he was the gentlest, best, and most retiring creature in the world—in this last respect the exact reverse of his father—and from that very cause he had been the victim of a man who had cheated him out of a considerable portion of his property. To make matters worse, this man was a relation, and had once possessed the confidence of the family. He belonged to that class of speculators who afterwards, at a somewhat later period, attained such a height of prosperity. The greater portion of them have long ago sunk into oblivion; but this particular individual had contrived to retain his position by great shrewdness and foresight. No one who might now chance to see him at his town residence in winter, or at his country-house in summer, or driving comfortably about in his neat little phaeton, would be likely to suspect his humble origin—though that is not a thing in itself that anybody need be ashamed of, provided he has done nothing dishonour-

able. This wealthy man had formerly been a money-changer in a small way of business, in König-strasse, and Samuel Fränkel rued the day when he allowed his son to enter into partnership with him. The idea in itself was by no means a bad one, for Joseph was an honest, practical sort of man, though with a slight lack of self-reliance, and who needed rousing and encouragement; but now, since the misfortune had happened, he had lost all confidence in himself, and felt completely crushed. It was this that grieved good Samuel Fränkel more than the loss of the money, though that was no light matter for a man who had earned it honestly and by hard work. But "God will help us," said Samuel Fränkel; and behold! help came in an unexpected shape. Herr Fritz Scharf had long done business with that money-changer in König-strasse, and like a prudent man had withdrawn from all dealings with him on the first signs of impending bankruptcy—for rumours of it had naturally leaked out. He was rightly

named Scharf,¹ for in money-matters he was as sharp as any one. He held a consultation with Joseph and his father—though for *them* it was already too late. But it was not too late for the gallant colonel to give vent to the entire resentment of his heart; he said that a man of that kind, if there was justice in the world, should be classed among the thieves and swindlers of the Molken-markt.² However, according to the justice of the world, this most honourable individual went, not to the Molken-markt, but gradually, and step by step, at due intervals, to the finest quarter of Berlin; and there he established, in a short space of time, a thriving and much frequented house of business. It was not quite in the regular and usual course of

¹ I. e. Sharp.

² The Molken-markt, a square in the oldest part of Berlin, formed almost entirely by an immense range of government buildings. These comprise, firstly, the prison or house of detention for criminals of the worst description, before and during trial; secondly, the principal police-office of Berlin; and, lastly, the residence of the chief of the police.

things, neither was it such a very *unusual* circumstance, that the world need have got excited about it. Justice on earth ! Idealists alone, like the colonel, believe in *that*. He, however, not only believed in it, but did all in his power, if not actually to correct the world's grossest errors and blunders, at least to make the latter, by kind words and friendly actions, somewhat less painful to the sufferers. Under an impulse of this nature the colonel transferred the management of his affairs to honest Fränkel, who at first declined the responsibility. It was not his business to manage other people's money, he said. "Quite right," answered the colonel. "but you have your son to help you ; he is a money-changer by profession, and therefore well acquainted with such matters." This token of confidence was the first thing which, to a certain extent, set the unfortunate young man on his legs again ; and the colonel was no loser by it, for Joseph and his father were deeply grateful to the kind-hearted man, and did all in their power to increase his property.

This was how the colonel came to be such a frequent visitor at Samuel Fränkel's; and it was there that he had made the acquaintance of young Grandidier, who now, on the above-named Saturday, was just approaching the house.

"Good morning, Herr Grandidier, Junior," exclaimed honest Samuel Fränkel. "I'm glad you have come. Herr Scharf has written to me." And taking a letter from his pocket, after running his eye once more over the contents, he named a sum of money, which he had been instructed by the colonel to advance him.

"Is it possible?" cried Edward, blushing deeply.

"Why not?" replied Samuel Fränkel. "Herr Scharf has often lent money to other people, who are less safe than the son of Herr Grandidier, Senior, of Neu Cölln am Wasser. Allow me to congratulate you, Herr Grandidier, Junior." Whereupon, after taking off his hat and shaking hands with the young man, he led the way indoors.

"I'm not usually in the habit of doing business on the sabbath," he continued as they walked upstairs; "but the colonel appears to consider it of great importance. And you know," added he, making excuses to his conscience, apparently, "you can take the money yourself out of my press." With these words he opened the door of a room on the first floor. It was the sitting-room of the little family. His wife, Madame Hannchen, was sitting at the window, in a lilac silk dress, wearing a cap trimmed with lace, and reading her prayer-book; while her son Joseph, a shade more liberal in his ideas, was studying the advertisements in the *Vossische Zeitung*.

Sunshine and silence were in the little room, which was kept scrupulously clean. The table in the centre was covered with a white linen cloth; and on another table, in the corner, stood a large green lamp, which reminded Edward of those he had formerly seen in the garret of his father's house. Delighted at Edward's visit, both mother and son rose as he entered, whilst

old Fränkel opened the circular bureau of brown mahogany, to execute the colonel's commission.

"Will you kindly write me a little acknowledgment?" said he, when Edward had helped himself to the money for which he was indebted to the kindness of his generous friend; "though, if it is the same to you, I should prefer going upstairs to Herr Stork's for that purpose. For you know, Herr Grandidier, I am one of those old-fashioned folks in whose apartments no writing is permitted on the sabbath."

This suited Edward exactly, for he felt that he ought not to leave the good man in ignorance of his impending journey, and he did not like to speak to him about it in the presence of the other two.

"Have you any idea," asked he, when they had quitted the room and were on their way to Herr Stork's apartments on the second floor, "for what purpose I require the money which Herr Scharf has been kind enough to advance me?"

"Indeed I have not," said old Fränkel.

"I suppose you have debts, and *he* wants to turn an honest penny."

"No, no, dear Herr Fränkel," answered Edward, smiling; that's not it. I'm going to Paris to-day."

"Goodness me! you don't say so!" cried the old man, aghast at the news. "To Paris! what can you be going to do there? Is your father aware you are going?"

"No, and he must not know it either—at least not before I am on the road; then he shall know it. But I couldn't go without first taking leave of you, for you have shown me so much kindness."

"Indeed," said Herr Fränkel, "what have I done? I have done nothing that I should not like other fathers to do for *my* son. Poor fellow! may heaven shield him from a second mishap." And the old man heaved a heavy sigh. "I know what it means," continued he, "to be in distress about a son. Your father too has only one son. Are you really obliged to go to Paris?"

"Yes," replied Edward, sighing deeply.

"I hope one day to reconcile my father to this step."

"May God grant it," said old Fränkel, pressing his hand to his eyes. "I cannot compare myself to your father, who is a wealthy man; but I hope he may never suffer what I have gone through about *my* son. Come, Herr Grandidier, Junior, here we are at Herr Stork's. Here you can write me the receipt, if you will be so kind."

Herr Stork's large eyes opened still wider; and the expression of pleasure on his countenance grew no less—though this was far from being the case in reality—when he learned why Edward Grandidier had come to him, accompanied by Samuel Fränkel.

"You are right," said he, on recovering from his first alarm, and slightly moderating the apparently joyful play of his features; "you are quite right. Berlin is not the place for you. I have long thought so. You have in you the makings of a great artist—and—and—" he hesitated—"and what more could you have learnt from me?"

For the first time, perhaps, in his life, Herr Stork felt a pang of regret that he was a man of no great genius ; the result of this reflection being, that a fresh gleam of cheerfulness suddenly overspread his countenance, as if this were the happiest moment of his existence.

Edward cordially grasped the hand of his kind-hearted instructor. "Herr Stork," said he, in a voice full of emotion, "never, never shall I forget what I owe you. You have done more for me than words can express. At a time when I despaired of myself, you gave me encouragement. It was you who instructed me in the rudiments of art, who imparted to me courage, and inspired me with confidence in the future."

"Did I really?" answered Herr Stork, who felt so much distressed that he scarcely knew what he was saying. He was deeply attached to Edward, and used quite to look forward to his daily visits ; he felt, therefore, by anticipation, how greatly he would miss him—for how little had a poor solitary man like him to love in this world !

"Oh, my dear Herr Stork," continued Edward, still holding his two hands in his own, "you can't imagine the happiness of the many hours I have spent here. They were the happiest of my life!"

"Is it possible?" replied Herr Stork, looking round in astonishment, as if searching on the four bare walls of his scantily furnished room for qualities which he had not hitherto supposed them to possess.

"My decision has not been an easy one," began Edward, after a pause, and the quivering of his voice showed that he was speaking the truth. "Yet the thought soothes me, that from you, at least, I have had no secret—that I have confided it to one man—and that one—yourself!"

The more Edward's last agitated outburst betrayed his inward irresolution, the more decided became Herr Stork. For a moment the cheerful expression vanished from his brow, and with solemn earnestness he said: "I can only repeat, that you have acted rightly. I know you, Edward; I know your heart; and you need not tell me

how hard it is for you to leave your father thus ! You have hesitated long and suffered much, you have proved and examined yourself over and over again, and you have battled for years against your inclinations. But there are sacrifices that even a father may not demand from his son ; and to all of us there comes a time, sooner or later, when no one but ourselves can decide what is best, and each must act for himself independently. Let us hope, Edward, let us hope that a time will also come when he upon whom this blow will now fall with the greatest severity, will approve your decision."

"My father ! my father !" cried Edward, sobbing and throwing himself on his master's breast.

All was now still. Such an unbroken silence reigned throughout the room that the only sound to be heard was a deep sigh from Samuel Fränkel, who till now had been standing at the window, apparently taking no interest in what was going on. "His poor father !" he said in a low tone ;

but Edward heard it, and these words completely restored his self-command.

"The decision is made," he exclaimed. "This honest man—" and here approaching Samuel Fränkel, he tapped him familiarly on the shoulder—"has been deputed by Herr Fritz Scharf to provide me with the means of making a commencement. I may have hesitated before taking this step, but once taken, I feel thorough confidence in myself. Naught else has power to shake my determination; and now, dear Herr Fränkel, to our business!"

Herr Theodore Stork, at Samuel Fränkel's request, went in search of pens and paper. Owing, however, to the fact of his pupil's last words having put him in a state of the highest excitement, he was a considerable time in finding these prosaic articles, which were to serve a still more prosaic purpose, and Edward availed himself of the pause to go into the adjoining room.

It was a large room with distempered walls, which Herr Stork was pleased to designate his "studio." Here and there

stood the plaster-casts which Edward used to copy ; on the walls hung reliefs, taken from old sculptures, medallions of heads also ; and on the chairs and easels lay sheets of paper and mill-boards. But Edward passed quickly by all these objects, as he approached a press built in the wall, the key of which he drew from his pocket. This receptacle contained nothing but a small water-colour, which he had a short time before completed. It represented the figure of a young girl, slight, but elegantly proportioned, her shapely head covered with a profusion of waving, ash-brown hair. She was dressed in white, and was descending, with joyous countenance, the uppermost step of a verandah staircase, to meet some unseen person, who was approaching. In the background was one of those Pomeranian landscapes, which are to be seen in the vicinity of Berlin—a small lake, on the margin of which was some scanty herbage, a pine forest with sandy soil—and the light was that of a summer's day. The gaze of the youth rested fondly upon the

picture. His imagination carried him back to the mysterious little room in his father's house. It seemed as if the enjoyment of his secret brought back to his memory the peculiar atmosphere and charm of his old retreat. There was the mid-day light upon the walls—the look-out through the dingy gable-window—the water—the little green spot—the distant blue horizon; there was what he had beheld, nay, more, dreamt of—there was she, the fair unknown, whose miniature, enclosed in the red velvet case, he had discovered in that lonely attic room. “Spirit of my youth!” he exclaimed, “spirit of my future! I have kept my word—” with an affectionate “Farewell!” and imprinting a kiss on the picture, he had just sufficient time to tear it in fragments, when the door opened, and old Samuel Fränkel's head appeared.¹

“What has kept you so long, Herr Grandidier, Junior?” he asked.

“I'm coming! I'm coming!” said the latter; and seating himself at the table, on which paper, pens, and ink were already laid out, he wrote:

“I hereby acknowledge that I owe to Herr Fritz Scharf a sum of money, which—should my efforts eventually be crowned with success—enables me to become an artist; and should I ever return, it will be my first care to repay him what he has so generously placed at my disposal!”

“A curious bond!” said Samuel Fränkel, shaking his head; whilst Edward was taking leave of Herr Theodore Stork, who had scarcely ever felt so sorrowful before, and had rarely appeared so pleased as he did at this moment. “But,” continued Fränkel, soliloquizing, as he folded up the paper, “the colonel is no fool, and Herr Grandidier, Senior, is good for much more than that amount.” In spite of this thought, however, he failed to realize his usual calm enjoyment of the sabbath when he came down-stairs and the soup was put on the table. He could not help thinking of old Grandidier! His wife looked anxiously at him, and asked what was the matter? “I have no appetite,” said he, with a glance at the good cheer on the table; “but God

will help us ! ” he added, taking his accustomed place.

On the same evening, and almost at the very moment that the night train for Paris left the Anhalter Railway station, a letter from Edward to his father arrived at Neu Cölln am Wasser, announcing his flight, as well as the motive for it, in a few short but respectful words.

Herr Grandidier grew pale as he recognized his son's handwriting; and after reading the first few lines he dashed the letter on the ground.

“ We no longer have a son,” said he, after a pause, during which he had been striving for composure, while his wife regarded him inquiringly. “ We have lost our son ! ”

“ Good heavens ! ” cried the mother, whose heart sank within her at these words. “ What is it ? What has happened to him ? ”

“ To *him* ? ” answered Herr Grandidier, bitterly ; “ nothing ! But to *us* !—Louisa Dorothea, you have a son no longer ! ”

The good woman drew a long breath of relief at this. "He lives then?" she exclaimed.

Herr Grandidier gave a short scornful laugh. "Lives! He will now for the first time learn to live—he will live the life of a fine gentleman—he will—he will—*Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* He has deserted his home—he has rebelled against his father—he has shaken off all control—he is on his way to Paris!"

The poor man felt almost stunned by the shock, and his first sensation was that of being deeply hurt, rather than grieved. Grief would have been easier to bear than this avowed defiance. It was the first time in his life that he had met with serious resistance to his will—a resistance which he was unable to overcome. And it was his son too—his only son!

But Madame Grandidier was relieved from a terrible apprehension. She had feared the worst from her husband's outburst on hearing the news. And, indeed, it was not the first time she had expe-

rienced an alarm of this nature. She had often ere now trembled lest she might receive the confirmation of what had long been ominously looming in the future. She knew her son's character better than her husband did, and she had observed, with increasing uneasiness, how his disposition, once so cheerful, had gradually become gloomy and reserved. The estrangement between father and son had weighed upon her with redoubled severity, since, from her simple, innocent nature, her interest belonged to the persons only, and remained strange to the causes of their discord. She could only grasp the matter on the surface as something decreed by fate, something spontaneous; but it caused her no less pain on that account. She had, certainly, an instinctive perception of the father's injustice towards the son; but, accustomed to submit to authority from her youth upwards, how could she have ventured on active interference? And even if she had ventured on it, how could the mother's loving heart have found

a means for reconciling such violent contrasts? She had seen the storm gathering, and things going from bad to worse, ever with increasing rapidity—passionate on the one side, stubborn and repressed on the other—the collision was inevitable, a violent breach, perhaps some terrible calamity. From the depths of her heart she cried, as she folded her hands, “Praise and thanks be to God, that he has not thrown himself into the water!”

“I wish he had,” said Herr Grandidier, not flying into a passion, as of old, but sadly, and with entire self-control. “It would, perhaps, have been better for him, and better for me also.”

Horried at this, Madame Grandidier rose. She wished to tell him that he had sinned against God; she wished him to retract what she had just heard; but the words died away on her lips. The strong man trembled, as if shivering from some inward chill, and at the same time his countenance became ghastly in its pallor.

“George, George!” exclaimed she,

stretching forth her arms towards him with a sudden impulse of ineffable sympathy.

But he gently waved her back. Making his way slowly, and with faltering steps, to a seat, he leaned both his elbows on the table, and buried his face in his hands. Anxiously Madame Grandidier followed his every movement, and she now saw tears streaming from between his fingers. Touched to the heart by this sight, she did not venture to speak; she could not. This mute expression of his grief commanded her respect; so she stood by him in silence, not daring even to offer consolation.

“And I have loved him so dearly too!” he commenced, after a time, in an undertone, speaking more to himself than to his wife. “He was such a handsome boy—with his bright eyes and his sunny brown hair. I see him still, as on one of those evenings when he walked with me, hand in hand—when it was spring—when the sun shone—when the bells rang. My son! my son!” and he could proceed no further for sobbing.

"Why, you speak of him as if he were no longer living," cried Madame Grandidier. "But he is alive! He will return."

Herr Grandidier had not heard—or seemed not to hear—what his wife had said.

"How his countenance lighted up as he walked with me there! and how he grasped my meaning! How intently he looked, and how intelligent! Oh, I have loved that boy too dearly—more dearly than his two sisters, therefore he has been taken from me."

"But he has not been taken from you," said his wife, striving to console him. "You will see him again."

Herr Grandidier made no reply. "I have loved him too dearly! and man should love nothing too well, which it is possible for him to lose. No, he ought not to do so—and this is my punishment. But it is the will of God, and, 'Right through, through to—'" He was unable to finish the accustomed sentence, and fairly broke down. Formerly he would have flown into a passion; but since this evening he was no longer the Grandidier of old.

"Grandidier," said his wife solemnly, "you are tempting Providence! If what you are now only imagining to yourself, should one day come to pass—which may God in His mercy avert—how will you then bear it?"

. Herr Grandidier rose. No longer did angry or inconsiderate words pass his lips. "My good wife," said he, affectionately pressing her hand, "have patience with me. I shall ere long regain my composure. Leave me alone for a little; I must overcome my weakness by myself."

He withdrew, and Madame Grandidier, with tears in her eyes, watched him as he went. But he did not go far. She heard him throw himself upon the sofa, in the dark room adjoining. It comforted her, to know that he was close by. She listened: all remained silent, so she returned to her chair and took up Edward's letter, which still lay on the floor.

Ten o'clock sounded from the neighbouring church steeples. Silence reigned in those rooms, and in that house which

only yesterday was the scene of so much life and merriment. Madame Grandidier's slumbers were troubled and unrefreshing; she awoke often, but only to find that her husband had never closed his eyes. Ever and anon she heard him sigh deeply, and between sleeping and waking it seemed to her, more than once, as though he had called, "Edward! Edward!"

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